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Selections.

Mr. Mann's Answer to Mr. Webster.

To the Editors of the Boston Atlas:

Gentlemen—Your semi-weekly of the 1st instant contains a letter of the Hon. Daniel Webster, in which he has been pleased to refer to me. I wish to reply. To prevent all chance of mistake I quote the following passages:

But, at the same time, nothing is more false than that such jury trial is demanded in cases of this kind by the constitution, either in its letter or its spirit.—The constitution declares that in all criminal prosecutions there shall be a trial by jury. The claiming of a fugitive slave is not a criminal prosecution.

The constitution also declares that in suits of common law the trial by jury shall be preserved; the reclaiming of a fugitive slave is not a suit at the common law; and there is no other clause or sentence in the constitution having the least bearing on the subject.

I have seen a publication by Mr. Horace Mann, a member of Congress from Massachusetts, in which I find the following sentence. Speaking of the bill before the House, he says: "This bill derides the trial by jury secured by the constitution. A man may not lose his horse without a right to this trial, but he may lose his freedom. Mr. Webster speaks for the South and for Slavery, not for the North and for Freedom, when he abandons this right." This personal vituperation does not annoy me, but I lament to see a public man of Massachusetts so crude and confused in his legal apprehensions, and so little acquainted with the constitution of his country as these opinions evince Mr. Mann to be. His citation of a supposed case, as in point, if it have any analogy to the matter, would prove that, if Mr. Mann's horse stray into his neighbor's field, *he cannot lead him back without a previous trial by jury to ascertain the right.* Truly, if what Mr. Mann says of the constitution in this publication be a test of his accuracy in the understanding of that instrument he would do well not to seek to protect his peculiar notions under its sanction, but to appeal at once, as others do to that high authority which sits enthroned above the constitution and above the law.

I must deny this charge of "personal vituperation," and I regret that Mr. Webster, while disclaiming "annoyance" at what I said, should betray it. I believe every part of my "Letter" to be within the bounds of courteous and respectful discussion. There is nothing in it which might not pass between gentlemen, without interrupting relations of civility and friendship. Though full of regret at his novel position, and of dissent from his unwonted doctrines, yet it abounds in proofs of deference to himself. I must now however, be permitted to add that the highest eminence becomes unenviable, when it breeds intolerance of dissent, and bars out the humblest man from a free expression of opinion.

Mr. Webster "laments to see a public man of Massachusetts so crude and confused in his legal apprehensions, and so little acquainted with the constitution of his country, as these opinions evince Mr. Mann to be." Yet he points out no error of opinion He specifies nothing as unsound. He presents no information, indictment, bill of particulars, or even the "common counts." Judgment and condemnation alone appear. He seems to have taken it for granted that he had only to say that I was guilty, and then proceed to punish. I protest against, and impugn this method of proceeding, by any man, however high, against any man, however humble.

When Mr. Webster penned his "lamentations" over my crudeness, confusion and ignorance, he doubtless meant to deal me a mortal blow. The blow was certainly heavy; but the question still remains *whether it hit.* Polyphemus struck hard blows, but his blindness left the objects of his passions unharmed.

But wherein do those erroneous "opinions" consist, which Mr. Webster does not deign to specify, but assumes to condemn? Fortunately in writing the sentences which he quotes for animadversion, I followed the precise meaning of Judge Story, as laid down in his Commentaries; and in regard to the only point which is open to a question, *I took the exact words* of that great jurist. He speaks of "the right of a trial by jury in civil cases," as an existing right *before* the seventh article of the amendment to the constitution, which *preserves this right* "in suits at common law," had been adopted. 3 Comm., 628.—Instead of transcribing Judge Story's words, "in civil cases," which present no distinct image to common minds, I supposed the every-day case of a litigation respecting a horse, which is a "civil case;" and this difference of form is the only difference between my language and that of the learned Judge. I can wish Mr. Webster no more fitting retribution, after reposing from this ill-tempered attack upon me, than to awake and find that it was Judge Story whom he had maligned.

But the opinion expressed by me on this point, does not need the authority of any name to support it; and the illustration which I gave is not only intelligible to every sensible man, but is also apposite. I said "a man may not lose his horse [his property in a horse] without a right to this trial." Mr. Webster's comment is, that this case, "if it have any analogy to the matter," means, that if a man's horse "stray into his neighbor's field, *he cannot lead him back without a previous trial by a jury to ascertain the right.*" Was ever the plain meaning of a sentence more exactly changed about end for end? Mr. Webster may pitch summersets with his own doctrines but he has no right to pitch them with mine. I said a man may not *lose* his horse, or his property in a horse, without a right to the trial by jury. He says I said, a man cannot *find* or *retake* a lost horse without a previous trial! *Dule est desipere in loco.* Or, it is pleasant to see a grave Senator play upon words, but there must be wit to redeem it from puerility.

But the childishness of this criticism is not its worst feature. What is the great *truth* which Mr. Webster and his apologists attempt here to ridicule? It is that while every man amongst us, in regard to any piece of property, worth more than twenty dollars, of which violence or fraud may attempt to despoil him, has a right to a trial by jury, yet a man's freedom, and that of his posterity forever, may be wrested from him, as our law now stands, without such a trial. Does not this hold a man's freedom to be of less value than twenty dollars? If two adverse claimants contest title to an alleged slave, whose market value is more than this sum, each is entitled to a jury to try the fact of ownership. But if the alleged slave declares that he owns himself, he is debarred from this right. And this truth; or a common illustration of it, Mr. Webster and his apologists think a suitable topic for sneers or pleasantry! A foreign proverb says that for a man to kill his mother *is not in good taste.* I trust the moral and religious people of Massachusetts have too much *good taste* to relish a joke on such a theme.

I said that Mr. Butler's bill "derides" the trial by jury. By that bill every commissioner and clerk of a United States Court, every marshal and collector of the Customs, and the seventeen thousand postmasters of the United States, are severally invested with jurisdiction and authority in all parts of the United States, to deliver any man, woman or child in the United States, into custody, as a slave, on the strength of an *ex parte* affidavit, made anywhere in the United States. This affidavit may have been made a thousand miles off, by no one known whom, and certified to by a person who never saw or heard of the individual named in it. A forged affidavit, or a fictitious affidavit would often answer the purpose as well; for how difficult, and in many cases, how impossible, to prove its spuriousness. Did oppression ever before conceive such a tribunal, so countless in number, so ample in jurisdiction, so formidable in power? Had a bill similar to this been proposed in the British Parliament, from 1763 to 1776, what would our Fathers have said of it? Yet this bill, with some kindred amendments, heightening its features of atrocity, Mr. Webster promised "to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent."

What aggravates the wrong is, that the cruelties of the measure would fall upon the poor, the helpless, the ignorant, the unfriended. The bill would have been far less disgraceful, had its provisions borne upon the men who should pass it; because, in such case, there would have been a touch of equality. Now, if this bill does not "*deride*" all guaranties for protection of human liberty, it is only because my word of reprobation is too weak. It is only because one needs "to tear a leaf from the curse-book of Pandemonium" in order to describe it by fitting epithets.

Another remarkable feature of Mr. Butler's bill, is, that it provides no penalty whatever for any one who shall abuse, or fraudulently use the dangerous authority which it gives. It furnishes endless temptations and facilities for committing wrong; it imposes no restraints, it warns by no threats of retribution.

Mr. Webster calls me to account for some unspecified erroneous "opinion," expressed in relation to this bill. Can any opinion be so false to the Constitution, as this bill to humanity? I deprecate error of all sorts; but hold it to be more venial to err in judgment than in heart.

I said that in promising to support Mr. Butler's bill, "with all its provisions to the fullest extent," Mr. Webster "abandoned" the right to a trial by jury. I spoke of him as a Senator, as one who, with his co-legislators, has full right and power under the Constitution, to secure this form of trial to the alleged slave, or to a known freeman seized as a slave, Mr. Seward's bill, providing for the trial by jury, in such cases, was before him. He took no notice of it. He passed by "on the other side," while he bestowed his best enconium on Mr. Butler's bill, by promising to support it. Was not this an "abandonment," under all the synonymes given in the dictionary?

Mr. Webster advises me, in a certain contingency, "to appeal to that higher authority which sits enthroned above the Constitution and above the law." I take no exception to this counsel, because of its officiousness, but would thank him for it. My ideas of duty require me to seek anxiously for the true interpretation of the Constitution, and then to abide by it, unswayed by hopes or fears. If the Constitution requires me to do anything which my sense of duty forbids, I shall save my conscience by resigning my office. I am free, however to say, that if in the discharge of my political duties I should transfer my allegiance to any other power, I should adopt Mr. Webster's advice, and go to the power "which sits enthroned above," rather than to descend to that opposite realm, whence the bill which he so cordially promised to support, must have emerged.

I wish, however, to remark, that though I acknowledge the constitution to be my guide while under oath to support it, yet I do not relish any fling either at the powers above us, or at those who reverence them. I hold it to be not only proper, but proof of sound moral and religious feeling, to look to the perfect law of God for light to enable us more justly to interpret the imperfect laws of man. Especially, when we are proposing to make or amend a law, ought we to take our guage of purpose and of action from the highest standard.

Nay, that Solomon of the law, thought it not improper to say; "The inferior law must give place to the superior; man's laws to God's laws." —*Maxims, pp.* 6-7.

"The law of Nature," says Blackstone, "being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is, of course, superior in obligation to any other. It is binding all over the globe; in all countries, at all times. No human laws have any validity, if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid, derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately from this original."—1 *Com.*, 41.

Fortescue, the Chancellor of Henry VI., in his *de Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, cap, 42, has the following passage the consideration of which, in requittal for Mr. Webster's advice to me, I respectfully commend to him:

"That is a hard and cruel law which increases Slavery and lessens the liberty of mankind. Every feeling which God has given to man advocates liberty. God Almighty has declared himself the God of Liberty. This is the gift of God to man in his creation; but Slavery is introduced into the world through man's wickedness and folly. Wherefore, liberty torn from man always seeks to return to him, as it were, for the purpose of restoring him to his primeval state."

Having defended my own propositions, I shall now take the liberty to examine some of Mr. Webster's.

He says, "the Constitution declares that in all criminal prosecutions, there shall be a trial by jury;" and that, "in suits at common law, the trial by jury shall be preserved." He then adds, "there is no other clause or sentence in the Constitution having the least bearing upon the subject." Mark his words: "There is no other clause or sentence in the Constitution, *having the least bearing upon the subject.*"

Here Mr. Webster virtually declares that, but for the above named two provisions, the right of the trial by jury would not have been secured to us by the Constitution in any case. Of course, Congress would have been under no obligation, even if they had any power, to provide by law for such trials.

Were I to say that this assertion borders on the incredible, one might well ask, which side of the line does it lie?

The provision for a trial by jury, *in criminal prosecutions*, is in the third clause of the second section of the third article, and is repeated, and somewhat enlarged, in the fifth and sixth articles of Amendment.

But the provision for trial by jury, *in suits at common law*, is in the seventh article of Amendment; and neither this provision nor any semblance of it, is to be found, in express words, in any part of the Constitution as it came from the hands of its framers, and was adopted by the States.

According to Mr. Webster, then Congress had no power, and were under no obligation, to make a law providing for trial by jury, *except in criminal prosecutions*, until *after* the seventh article of Amendment had been ratified. For if they had any such power, or were under any such obligation, it must be by virtue of some clause or sentence in the Constitution, *having a "bearing upon the subject."*

Now, the first session of Congress commenced March 4th, 1789 but this seventh article of Amendment was not ratified, and did not become a part of the Constitution, according to Hickey, (Hickey's Con. p. 36,) until Dec. 15, 1791.

Until this time, therefore, according to Mr. Webster, the Constitution had secured no right to a trial by jury, except in the case of *criminal prosecutions*; because, until this time, there was no clause of sentence in it "having the least bearing on the subject," of jury trials in civil cases.

Yet, on the 24th of September, 1789, *and more than two years previous to the adoption of the seventh amendment*, (by which alone, according to Mr. Webster, they had any power to act in the premises,) Congress did pass the judiciary act; by the ninth, twelfth, and thirteenth sections of which it is provided, that the trial of issues in fact, in the District Courts, in the Circuit Courts, and in the Supreme Court, shall, with certain exceptions, be by jury.

The act also empowers the Courts to grant new trials "for reasons for which new trials have usually been granted in the courts of law." In what Courts of law? Did it not mean the Courts in Westminster Hall, and those in this country formed after that ancestral model? And does not this show, beyond question or cavil, that the principle of the jury trial, *in civil cases*, was incorporated into the Constitution of the United States, originally; and that it was universally understood to be so by its framers, and by their contemporaries, the members of the first Congress?

From the Constitution alone, then, and not from any power above it, or outside of it, did Congress derive its power, on the 24th of September, 1789, and more than two years before the seventh amendment was adopted, to pass the Judiciary Act, and to fill it full of the fact and the doctrine of jury trials in civil cases. And if Congress at that time, had legislated on the subject of fugitive slaves, would it not have had the same power to provide the trial by jury, to determine the question, slave or free, as it had to provide for this mode of trial in other cases?

All the State Conventions for adopting the Constitution, whose debates are preserved, and all the leading men who figured in them, held, contrary to Mr. Webster, that the third article in the Constitution, providing for courts, carried the jury trials in civil cases with it. Mr. Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice Marshall, said in the Virginia Convention, 'Does the word court only mean the Judges? Does not the determination of a Jury necesarily lead to the judgment of the Court? Is there anything which gives the Judges exclusive jurisdiction of matters of fact? What is the object of a jury trial? To inform the court of the facts. When a court has cognizance of facts, does it not follow that they can make inquiry by a jury? It is impossible to be otherwise."—*Elliott's Debates*, 506.

The third article in the Virginia Bill of Rights was as follows:

"In controversies respecting property, and in suits between man and man, the ancient trial by jury is preferable to any other, and ought to be held sacred."

This article being read in the Convention, Judge Marshall said *the trial by jury was as well secured by the United States Constitution, as by the Virginia bill of rights—Ib.* 524. He said this in reference to civil cases.

In the Massachusetts Convention, it was said, without a doubt being expressed from any quarter, that "the word *court* does not, either by popular or technical construction exclude the use of a jury to try facts. When people in common language talk of a trial at the Court of Common Pleas, or the Supreme Judicial Court, do they not include all the branches and members of such courts, the jurors as well as the judges? They certainly do, whether they mention the jurors expressly or not. Our State legislators have construed the word court in the same way."—2 *Elliott's Deb.* 127.

Such was the doctrine maintained by the leading minds in the State Conventions; by Christopher Gore, in Massachusetts; by Judge Wilson and Chief Justice McKean, in Pennsylvania; by Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Pendleton, and Mr. Madison, in Virginia; by Judge Iredell, in North Carolina, and many other distinguished names.

In the Virginia Convention, objection was made to the Constitution, because it did not *expressly* secure to the accused the privilege of challenging, or excepting to jurors in criminal cases. But Mr. Pendleton, the President of the Convention, and for so many years, the highest judicial officer in the State, replied: "When the Constitution says that the trial shall be by jury, does it not say that every incident will go along with it?"—3 *Elliott's Deb.* 497

So when the Constitution provided for "courts," and defined their jurisdiction, it clearly contemplated the trial by jury, in regard to all such rights of the citizen as had been usually, theretofore, tried by jury. Congress, indeed, might fail to perform its duty; but in such case, no provisions of the Constitution, however expressed and peremptory, would secure the rights of the people.

It is perfectly well known to every student of the Constitution, that the only reason why that instrument did not take *express* provision for the trial by jury, in civil cases, was the difficulty of running the dividing line between the many cases so tried, and the few that should not. All were agreed that ninety-nine per cent. of all civil cases should be tried by jury; but they could not agree upon the classes of cases from which the remaining one per cent. should be taken.

In this connection, it is worth while to notice the heading or preamble of the Joint Resolutions for submitting certain proposed amendments to the States, among which was the seventh. It is as follows:

"The Conventions of a number of the States having at the time of their adopting the Constitution expressed a desire, in order to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its powers, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added; and as the extending the ground of public confidence in the government will best insure the beneficent ends of its institution, Resolved," &c.

From this it appears that the first Congress only proposed to submit certain "*further declaratory and restrictive clauses*," "to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its powers." This heading or title, of course, does not enlarge or limit the meaning of the amendments; but it shows the view of their scope and intendment which their authors held. But what is the seventh amendment but a "declaratory and restrictive clause," securing the trial by jury, in cases at common law, "where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars," and abandoning it where the value is less?

The phraseology of the amendment is full of significance; "the right of trial by jury shall be *preserved.*" Not created, but preserved. Not instituted *de novo*, but continued. How can a right be *preserved*, which does not already *exist?*

In speaking of the trial by jury, in criminal cases, Judge Story uses the same word. He says it was "preserved." In neither class of cases, civil or criminal, was it ever abandoned or lost, through the fault of the Constitution. If not always enjoyed by the citizen, it has been through the dereliction of Congress in not passing the requisite laws.

The great men who submitted this seventh amendment to the States, treated the trial by jury, in civil cases, as a then subsisting constitutional right.—They passed a law to put the practical enjoyment of this right into the hands of the people, well knowing that there is scarcely a right which we hold under the Constitution which we can beneficially possess or use, without the intervention of some law as its channel or medium.

Suppose this seventh amendment had never been adopted, on what ground would the trial by jury, in civil cases, have rested up to the present day?

In asserting, therefore, that, besides the references he has made, there is not another "clause or sentence in the Constitution, *having the least bearing on the subject*" of jury trials, Mr Webster is contradicted by the members of the General Convention, by the State Convention, by the Senators and Representatives, who passed the Judiciary act, and by President Washington who signed it.

But another of Mr. Webster's assertions is still more extraordinary. He says "nothing is more false than that such jury trial, [a trial by jury for an alleged slave, or for a freeman claimed as a slave,] is demanded by the Constitution, either in its letter or in its spirit.

I make a preliminary remark upon the amazing untruth enbodied in the form of this proposition.

"*Nothing is more false;*" that is, if I, or any one, had affirmed that our Constitution forbids trial by jury, in all cases, under penalty of death; or that it creates a hereditary despotism; or that it establishes the Catholic religion with the accompaniment of an inquisition for each State; or that it does all these things together; it would not be more "*false*" to the "*spirit*" of the Constitution, than to say that it demands a trial by jury, when a man who is seized as a slave, but who asserts that he is free, invokes its protection.

But this pertains to the *form* only of his assertion. I proceed to inquire whether its substance be not as indefensible as its form.

In another part of Mr. Webster's letter, he says, that he sees "no objection to the provisions of the law" of 1793. Of course, he sees no objection to Mr. Butler's bill, and its amendments; but he prefers them to Mr. Seward's. And he now says, there is nothing in the letter or in the "spirit" of the Constitution, which demands the jury trial for an alleged slave, or for a freeman captured and about to be carried away as a slave.

Feeble and humble as I am, great and formidable as he is, I join issue with him, on this momentous question, and put myself upon the country.

Our Constitution, as the present generation has always been taught, yearns towards liberty and the rights of man. The trial by jury, in the important cases of limb, life, or liberty, is essential to these rights. The two, therefore, have such close affinity for each other, as to render it highly probable, if not morally certain, that the framers of the former would make provisions for the latter; that they would lay hold of it, as by a law of instinct, to carry out their beneficent purposes. The trial by jury was necessary to the vitality of the Constitution; and it would hardly be too strong an expression to say that the Constitution, as it came from the hands of its founders, necessitated the trial by jury.

The object for which the Constitution was framed, as set forth in its preamble,—namely to "establish justice," "promote the general welfare,' and "secure the blessings of liberty," to the people—could never be accomplished without the trial by jury. The preamble is not appealed to as a source of power; but it touches, as by the finger, the objects which it contemplated; it suggests the means by which its beneficent purposes were to be fulfilled, and it indicates the rules of interpretation by which all its provisions are to be expounded.

And not only the objects for which the Constitution professes to exist, but historical facts from the time of Magna Charta, and before that time; the practice of the English, and of our Colonial and Provincial courts before the revolution, and during the Confederacy—in fine, all analogies and tendencies of constitutial laws, and whatever belongs to ideas of freedom, conspire to force the expectation upon us, that in a matter of such vast concernment as the life-long liberty or bondage of a man and his offspring, it has *not* left us without the right of trial by jury.

The very first law "for the general good of the Colony of New Plymouth (1623)," was, "that all criminal acts, and also all matters of *tresspasses* and DEBTS, between man and man, should be tried by the verdict of twelve honest men."

In that fearful array of crimes which the Declaration of Independence charges home upon the king of Great Britain, that sublime instrument enumerates the following as among the most flagitious: "For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury," and "for protecting his troops *by a mock trial*, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States."

According to Blackstone, the right to a trial by jury has been held, "time out of mind," to be the birthright of Englishmen. The 29th chapter of the great charter guarantied this right, not only in cases of liberty, life, and limb, but in cases of property, real and personal.

In England, it has become a traditional saying, and drops from the common tongue, that the great object of King, Lords, and Commons, is to get twelve men into a jury-box.

Judge Story Says, "When our own immediate ancestors removed to America, they brought this great privilege with them, *as their birthright and inheritance*, as a part of that admirable common law which had fenced round, and interposed barriers on every side, against the approaches of arbitrary power. It is now incorporated into all our State Constitutions, as a fundamental right; and the Constitution of the United States would have been justly obnoxious to the most conclusive objection, if it had not recognized and confirmed it in the most solemn terms." 3. Com. 652-3.

Is it conceivable, then, that the heroes and sages of the Revolution, who rose in resistance to the most formidable power on earth, so many of whom rose against their own kindred in the mother country, because they loved liberty better than father or mother, or brother or sister, and who endured the privations and horrors of a seven years' war—is it conceivable, I say, that, when they had achieved their independence, and there was no longer any earthly power to control them, they should have framed a fundamental law, and should not have imbued that law with the "*spirit*" of the trial by jury, as its breath of life? As British subjects, they were entitled to this trial. As American, did they renounce it? Did they wage war for seven years in order to place themselves in a worse condition than they had been placed in by their "tyrant?" Mr. Webster says they did. He charges this infinite folly and blindness upon them singly and collectively, one and all.

But to examine more particularly the phraseology of the seventh amendment. What is the true meaning of these descriptive words, "suits at common law?" Has not Mr. Webster, relying on his high reputation, disposed of this matter a little too summarily? He says, "the Constitution declares that in suits at common law, the trial by jury shall be preserved?" but he adds, "the reclaiming of a fugitive slave is not a suit at common law."

But the Supreme Court of the United States has furnished us with an authoritative interpretation of the words of the Constitution bearing on this subject. In the case of *Cohens* vs. *Virginia*, 6 Wheaton R. 407, they define what is meant by a "suit." These are their words:

"What is a *suit?* We understand it to be the prosecution, or pursuit, of some *claim*, demand or request. In law language, it is the prosecution of some demand in a court of justice. 'The remedy for every species of wrong is,' says Judge Blackstone, 'the being put in possession of that right whereof the party injured is deprived.' The instruments whereby this remedy is obtained, are a diversity of *suits* and actions, which are defined by the Mirror to be 'the lawful demand of one's right'; or, as Bracton and Fleta express it, in the words of Justinian, *jus prosequendi in judicio quod alicui debetur*'—(the form of prosecuting in trial, or judgment, what is due to any one.) Blackstone then proceeds to describe every species or remedy by suit; and they are all cases where the party sueing claims to obtain something to which he has a right.

"To commence a suit, is to demand something by the institution of process in a court of justice; and to prosecute the suit, is, according to the common acceptation of language, to continue that demand."

According to the Supreme Court, a *suit* is the prosecution of some *claim*, demand, or request. But the proceedings for a fugitive slave, according to the very letter of the Constitution, constitute a *claim.* The person held to service or labor is to be delivered up, "on *claim* of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

Still further, in a decision bearing directly on the right to trial by jury, the Supreme Court have defined the term "common law" in special reference to its meaning in the amendment to the Constitution, which secures this right "in suits at common law." These are their words:

"It is well known, that in civil causes, in courts of equity and admiralty, juries do not intervene; and that courts of equity use the trial by jury only in extraordinary cases, to inform the conscience of the court. When, therefore, we find that the [7th] amendment requires, that the right of trial by jury shall be preserved in suits at common law, the natural conclusion is, that this distinction was present to the minds of the framers of the amendment. By *common law* they meant, what the Consitution denominated in the third article 'law;' not merely suits, which the *common* law recognized among its old and settled proceedings; but suits, in which *legal* rights were to be ascertained and determined, in contradistinction to those in which equitable rights alone were recognized, and equitable remedies were administered, or in which, as in the admiralty, a mixture of public law, and of maritime law and equity, was often found in the same suit. Probably there were few, if any, States in the Union, in which some new legal remedies, differing from the old common law forms, were not in use; but in which, however the trial by jury intervened, and the general regulations in other respects, were according to the course of the common law. Proceedings in cases of partition, and of foreign and domestic attachment, might be cited, as examples variously adopted and modified. *In a just sense, the amendment, then, may well be construed to embrace all suits, which are not of equity or admiralty jurisdiction,* WHATEVER MAY BE THE PECULIAR FORM WHICH THEY MAY ASSUME TO SETTLE LEGAL RIGHTS."—*Parsons* vs. *Bedford*, 3 Peters' Rep. 456-7.

The last sentence I have underscored. In this sentence, the Supreme Court plainly say, that, if the subject matter of the litigation, or the object of the proceeding, be to determine a "legal right" which was formerly determined by a "suit at commen law," then such proceeding is embraced in the seventh amendment, and either party in interest has a right to the trial by jury. Now is it not clear that any proceeding which determines whether a man owns himself, or is owned by another man, and which delivers one man into the custody of another, as his slave, or refuses so to deliver him, is, "whatever peculiar form it may assume," a proceeding "to settle a legal right"—the highest legal right! It is not a right in equity, in admiralty, or under the maritime law; but strictly and exclusively a *legal right*, and nothing else. According to the doctrine of the Supreme Court, then, in the above cited case, the parties to such a proceeding have a right, under the seventh amendment, to a trial by jury. At least, is not such the "*spirit*" of the amendment?

But there is another well known fact, which gives pertinence and stringency to the above view. At common law, the writ *de homine replegiando*—the writ of personal replevin, or for replevying a man,—was an original writ; a writ granted on motion, without showing cause, and which the court of chancery could not supersede. It was, according to the very language of our Supreme Court, recognized by the common law "among its old and settled proceedings." The form of it is found in that great arsenal of common law writs, the *Registrum Brevium.* This writ, says Comyn, might be brought by an infant against his testamentary guardian, *or by a villein against his lord.* (Dig. Title Imprisonment, L. 4.) If it could be brought by a villein against his lord, then it was the very writ for an alleged slave against an alleging owner. It was the mode provided by the common law for the determination of the *legal right* asserted in a human being. I have always understood that, before the revolution, and before the framing of our constitution, Comyn's Digest was a work of the highest authority. It must have been well known to all the lawyers in the Convention. Did they expect then, that when an alleged slave, or a known freeman, should be seized, that he should be hurried into bondage without any right to this ancient muniment of the subjects liberties?

But "the reclaiming of a fugitive slave," says Mr. Webster, "is not a suit at the common law." The proceedings provided for by the statute of 1793, to which he "sees no objection," have no analogy to the writ *de homine replegiando.* But can you destroy the right to jury trial by changing the process? A sand-hiller from Georgia or North Carolina cannot come to Massachusetts and eject Mr. Webster from his Marshfield farm, without being compelled to submit the question of title to a jury. But suppose the law should say, in effect, that any one of the seventeen thousand postmasters in the United States might be brought into Massachusetts, (and among so numerous a body, it is no libel to say there are some reckless men,) and the sand-hiller might go before the imported postmaster, and after proof "to his satisfaction," "either by oral testimony or by affidavit, an affidavit be it remembered, taken anywhere in the United States—then the claimant shall be put into immediate possession of the said farm, with a right to recover costs; and suppose Mr. Webster should spurn the authority of this illegitimate Court, and demand an observance of the ancient forms of law, and a trial by jury under the seventh amendment; then the claimant has only to borrow Mr. Webster's own words, and say, "this is not a suit at the common law;"—suppose all this, I say, and I would then ask if such a proceeding would be satisfactory to the last named gentleman? The common sense of mankind is authority good enough to answer such a question, but we have high legal authority in addition.

In *Baker* vs. *Riddle*, Mr. Justice Baldwin, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, held that it was not in the power of Congress to take away the right of trial by jury, secured by the seventh amendment neither,—"1. By an organization of the Courts in such a manner as not to secure it to suitors;" nor, "2. By authorizing the Courts to exercise, or their assumption of, equity or admiralty jurisdiction over cases at law." "This amendment," says he, "preserves the right of jury trial against any infringement by any department of the government." Baldwin's Rep. 404.

Now, what was Mr. Butler's bill, but "a new organization of the courts," or rather a new creation of some twenty-thousand courts, "in such a manner as not to secure [the right of trial by jury] to suitors?" It was, indeed, a violation of both of the principles laid down by Judge Baldwin. It was the creation of tribunals unknown to the common law, and authorizing those tribunals to decide upon rights not belonging to either "equity, or admiralty jurisdiction."

In this connection, I will refer to the case of *Lee* vs *Lee*, 8 Peter's Rep. 44.

By act of Congress, of April 2, 1846, it was declared that no cause should be removed from the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia to the Supreme Court, by appeal or writ of error, "unless the matter in dispute shall be of the value of one thousand dollars or upwards." The plaintiffs in error were claimed as slaves. Their petition for freedom in the court below had been decided against them; and from this decision they appealed. The defendant in error took the objection that they,—their bodies and souls,—were not worth one thousand dollars, and therefore that they had no right to appeal. But the court said:

"The matter in dispute, in this case, is the freedom of the petitioners. The judgment of the Court below is against their claims to freedom; the matter in dispute is, therefore, to the plaintiffs in error, the value of their freedom, *and this is not susceptible of a pecuniary valuation.* Had the judgment been in favor of the petitioners, and the writ of error brought by the party claiming to be the owner, the value of the slaves *as property* would have been the matter in dispute, and affidavits might be admitted to ascertain such value. But affidavits estimating the value of freedom are entirely inadmissable; and no doubt is entertained of the jurisdiction of the Court."

Now, if the Supreme Court of the United States, in constructing a law, felt constrained by their oaths to hold the freedom of a man,—of any man, though he might be a drivelling idiot, or stretched upon his death bed, with only another hour to breathe,—to be worth more than a thousand dollars, how can a Senator of the United States say, that in passing a law, under which human liberty may be retained or lost, he is not bound at least by the "*spirit*" of the Constitution, if not by its letter, to hold that human liberty to be of greater value than twenty dollars, and therefore to provide the trial by jury for its protection? What can prove more strikingly that Mr. Webster violates the whole "spirit" of the Constitution, when the framers and ratifiers of this amendment covenanted for and decred the trial by jury, for such a paltry sum of money; and when the Judges of the Supreme Court held human liberty to be worth more than any nameable sum of money, while he regards it as a thing to be disposed of by any corrupt postmaster which any corrupt Administration may corruptly appoint. Yet he says—"Nothing can be more false than that a jury trial is demanded in cases of this kind by the Constitution, either in its letter, *or in its spirit.*"

I wish I could find, or felt at liberty to coin some milder word; but for want of a better, I must say that Mr. Webster seems to me, throughout this whole matter, to *dogmatize.* He makes his strong assertions without offering even weak reasons. Of this character was his annunciation of the discovery of a new law—"the law of physical geography"—which was to suspend moral agency, and take from man his power to commit crime against his brother; as though in ascending hill sides, freedom and Slavery lie in different atmospherical strata, and are bounded by each other impassably; as though there were any mountain so "exceeding high," to whose top even Jesus Christ could go, that Satan could not go there to tempt him. This does not strike the common mind like a true discovery; like the law of gravitation, for instance, discovered by Newton, or the existence of the planet Neptune, by Leverrier. It is rather like that earliest pretended discovery on record, which was designed to seduce, and did seduce, the first parents of us all. *Ye may eat of the forbidden fruit, for ye shall* NOT *surely die.* So Mr. Webster says, Let slaves be driven in coffles, or carried in ships holds to the new territories; they cannot live there. Will not the results of the two experiments bear a lively analogy to each other, and be likely to reflect similar credit upon their authors?

So, too, when he tore some of the brightest pages from the New Testament, by proclaiming that "there is to be found no injunction against that relation (of Slavery) between man and man, in the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or of any of his Apostles." Upon how many Christian hearts did this sentiment fall like an anathema against all truth. He does not say any *express* injunction; but "no injunction;"—none of any kind. Is there any *express* injunction "in the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or of any of his Apostles," against cannibalism? Do they anywhere say, "Ye shall not eat one another?" Yet what enormity and flagitiousness would it be to infer, that, therefore, men and women may turn Ogres and Ogresses, and eat human flesh as they do mutton and beef. The inference in the latter case is every whit as warrantable, as sound, as in the former; yet I consider that this theological argument does not violate the "spirit" of the Gospel, any more than his constitutional argument violates the "spirit" of the Constitution.—John Wesley, who had lived amid Slavery, denominates it the "sum of all villainies," and if Christ came into this world and left it, without permeating and saturating all his teachings with injunctions against the injustice, cruelty, pride, avarice, lust, love of domination, and love of adulation, which are the inseparable accompaniments of Slavery, then I think the Christian world will cry out, that, so far as this life is concerned, his mission was substantially fruitless.

"Oh star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To bring us back these tidings of despair?"

So if the Constitution of the United States contains not even any *implied* security for the liberty of all the colored population in the free States and territories, and for the trial by jury as the only adequate means of securing their liberty, then would it not be more creditable to its framers never to have put their signatures to it?

The fifth article of amendment declares that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." The commentators say that these words, "due process of law," are the equivalent of the phrase "the law of the land," in the 29th chapter of Magna Charta; and hence that "this clause in effect affirms the right of trial according to the process and proceedings of the common law;" that is by jury. 3 Story's Comm. 661; 2 Inst., 50, 51; 2 Kent's Comm. 10, 1 Tucker's Black. App., 304.

Now, consider that the general right of trial by jury, in cases of *life*, was expressly secured by the Constitution as originally adopted; that, somewhat more than three years afterwards, the same right was expressly secured for *property*, in suits at common law, whenever the value in controversy should exceed twenty dollars; and then say whether there is not the strongest implication in favour of the same right, in cases of human liberty, which is so much more precious than life and property combined, I do not here say it is an implication that binds the courts in administering a law; that is not the point under discussion. But is it not an implication that binds the legislator, so that when legislating on the subject, he cannot conscientiously and wilfully abandon it without infidelity to his oath; I do not believe that many men from the free States will ever be found in Congress who will not take this view of the subject. Indeed, not a few of the best lawyers and jurists have held that the implication binds the courts, and therefore that the statute of 1793 is unconstitutional.*

Mr. Webster treats the two cases, of fugitives from justice and fugitives from service, alike; although one can almost adopt his own language, and say that "nothing is more false" than that they are alike. In regard to the first class, the Constitution says, a person "*charged*" with treason, &c.; but in regard to the second class, it says no person "*held*," &c.

According to the obvious intent of this language, the alledged fugitive must be *proved*, to be *held, bound, obligated.* It is not enough that he be *charged* to be "held" to service though it is enough that a man be "*charged*" with crime. To bring the first case within the legal category of the second, its terms should be, "a person *guilty* of treason," &c., shall be delivered up. Were such the phraseology, would any doubt that proof of guilt should precede delivery, and that there could be no other legal foundation for it?

Mr. Webster says, "perhaps the only insuperable difficulty" to a trial by jury, "has been created by the States themselves." Suppose this to be so, I would ask whose duty is it to act first—that of Congress to provide the trial, or that of the States to remove the impediment? Shall the States repeal their laws first, and leave the liberty of the citizens in jeopardy; or shall not Congress legislate first, and secure that liberty? Which is of the greater importance, that the owner should recover his slave, or that the citizen should retain his freedom? answer according to the language which the criminal law uses respecting guilt and innocence, that it is better that nine hundred and ninety-nine, that is, an indefinite number, of slaves should escape, than that one free man should be delivered into bondage.

Besides, I think no State legislated on this subject for the protection of its own citizens, until 1843. This was after Congress had neglected for more than fifty years to do its duty. Why, then, should Mr. Webster cast the blame upon the States which forbore for more than fifty years to act protectively for themselves, when Congress, of which he had been a leading member for about forty years, had endangered, instead of securing, the liberty of their citizens. When he said that "every member of every Northern legislature is bound by oath to support the Constitution of the United States," why did not the retort suddenly rise to his mind that he was bound by oath not less than they; and that his oath embraced the men that owned freedom, not less than the men that own slaves. Besides, he charges only a *part* of the free States with being guilty of unjust legislation. Should the innocent States suffer because of the others' offence? Rather shall not Congress first supply the means of protection to the citizens of all?

It seems to me, too, that the fourth amendment has an important bearing upon the subject, because it shows that the master thought of our fathers, in forming the Constitution, was to secure the liberties of the citizen. It provides against "unreasonable

powering reason for changing the venue, or place of trial. But here is a change of venue, not for a trial, but for evading a trial.

I submit, then, to the public, that here are three provisions of the Constitution, each one of which does have "a bearing on the subject." Each strengthens the other. They form a triple implication, if not a *trinoda necessitas*, which no man, however powerful he may be, can break.

The argument which the lawyers call *ab inconvenienti*—the argument from inconvenience—has been pressed into the service of the slaveholder to endanger the liberties of the citizen. I answer, there are two sides to this argument; nor was it wise in the slaveholder, or his Northern friends, to name it. It seems to me quite as *inconvenient* for a free man to lose his liberty, as for a slaveholder to lose his slave. If a Southern man sues a Northern one for the value of a bale of cotton or a barrel of rice, must not the plaintiff await the next term of the court before he can enter his action, abide by the rules of the court respecting continuances, and submit to the order of business in taking his turn before a jury? To obviate this inconvenience, has any legislature or any court ever proposed to set aside or annul at once, all the securities by which we hold property and life? And how stands the question respecting evidence or proof? If difficult for a slave-claimant, from Texas, to prove title to his slave in Massachusetts, how infinitely more difficult for a citizen of Massachusetts to prove title to himself in Texas.

But Mr. Webster says there are independent courts at the South, "always open and ready to receive and decide upon petitions or applications for freedom." Suppose this to be true; how is a man or woman, whose master knows that he or she is free, to get to the courts? Mr. Webster seems to think that as soon as a kidnapping slave dealer shall transport his human prey to the South he will at once take him, or allow him to go before a court of justice, or will sell him to some brother Samaritan who will do so. Does not every body know that any man who is capable of the enormous guilt of seizing or buying a freeman, will chain, and scourge, and starve and mutilate that freeman, if he but so much as open his lips in audible prayer to God for the restoration of his birthright?

Mr. Webster says, persuasively, that the alleged slave "is only remitted, for inquiry into his rights, to the State from which he fled." But suppose he had never "fled;" but was demeaning himself as a peaceable citizen, under the solemnly pledged protection of the government, on the soil where he was born. This is the false idea that underlies the whole of Mr. Webster's seductive letter, that under such a bill as Mr. Butler's, nobody but a slave would ever be arrested.

I have no doubt that what Mr. Webster says about southern courts being "fair and upright," is very generally and extensively true; but I have a little personal knowledge of southern courts, and I have no hesitation in saying that there has been one, at least, before which, if a slave were suing for his freedom, and any popular clamor against him should exist, he would have no more hope of obtaining his liberty through the "fairness" of the court, than if thrown overboard in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, he would have of saving his life by swimming ashore.

Mr. Webster holds Massachusetts up to the ridicule of the world, because she "grows fervid on Pennsylvania wrongs;" and he has deemed it his duty to inquire how many seizures of fugitive slaves have occurred in New England within our time. Is this the Christian standard by which to estimate the evil of encroachments upon the most sacred rights of men? If I repose in contentment and indifference, because my own section, or State, or county, is as yet but a partial sufferer, why should I not continue contented and indifferent while I myself am safe? In providing for the liberties of the citizen, under a common government, I think Massachusetts worthy of all honor, and not of ridicule, because she does "grow fervid on Pennsylvania wrongs," and on the wrongs of an entire race, whether in Pennsylvania or California, certainly within the boundaries of our own country.

I see no reason why my sympathies as a man, or the obligations of my oath as an officer, in regard to the nearer or the remoter States, should be inversely as the squares of the distances. Even with regard to foreign countries, did Mr. Webster think so, in those better days when his eloquent appeal for oppressed and bleeding Greece roused the nation, like the voice of a clarion? Did Mr. Webster deem it necessary to make inquisitions through all the New England States, how many Hungarian patriots they [illegible] noble Hungarian women had been stripped in their market-places, before he thrilled the heart of the nation, at the wrongs of Kossuth and his compatriots, and invoked the execrations of the world upon the Austrian and Russian despots? I see no difference between these cases, which is not in favor of our *home interests*, of our own *domestic rights*, except the difference of their bearings upon partizan politics.

Mr. Webster quotes and commends Mr. Bissell, who said that those Southern States which had suffered the least from loss of slaves made the greatest clamor. That statement of a fact was well put by Mr. Bissell; but was it well applied by Mr. Webster? In the statement, it was a question as to the loss of property. In the application, it is a question as to the loss of liberty. The latter is not, therefore, the "counterfact" of the former. Blindness to the distinction between the value and the *principle* of property, and the value and the *principle* of liberty, could alone have permitted the comparison.

But I have extended the communication greatly beyond my original purpose. Several other topics contained in Mr. Webster's speech; or growing out out of what has since happened in relation to it, and hardly less important than those already considered, must await another opportunity for discussion; unless, indeed, some disposal of the question shall render further discussion unnecessary.

I am not unmindful of the position in which I stand. I am not unaware that circumstances have placed me in an antagonist relation to a man, whose vast powers of intellect the world has so long vividly enjoyed and so profoundly admired. I well know that a *personal* contest between us seems unequal, far more than did the threatened contest between the Hebrew stripling, and the champion of the Philistines, who had a helmet of brass upon his head, and greaves of brass upon his legs, and the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam. But the contest is not between *us*. It is between truth and error; and just so certain as the spirit of Good will prevail over the spirit of Evil, just so certain will Truth ultimately triumph. In such a case as this, there is one point of view in which Mr. Webster is a desirable antagonist: for the thick and far-beaming points of light, which he has left all along his former course of life, cannot fail to expose to other eyes than his own, the devious path into which he has now wandered.

HORACE MANN.

Washington, June 6, 1850.

P. S. While writing the closing paragraphs of this communication, I have seen a "Fugitive Slave Bill," submitted by Mr. Webster in the Senate, on Monday last. It provides for a trial by jury. It is short, consisting of two sections only; simple in its provisions, and, could it be slightly altered, so as to provide for an appeal in matters of law in certain cases, and for enabling the alleged fugitive to procure testimony in the defence, and to be indemnified in case the judgment is in his favor, it would seem to be as nearly perfect as a bill on such a subject can be. I rejoice to see this bill, and to know that it comes from such a source. No man is so truly great, whatever other titles to eminence he may have, as when, after taking an erroneous step, he resolves to "tread that step backward."

MARYLAND SLAVES.—A meeting of the slaveholders of Queen Annes' county was held at Centreville a few days days since, for the purpose of organizing a society to protect slave property, on account of the numerous depredations that have been made by the Abolitionists recently in that vicinity. Officers were elected, and a constitution adopted, and measures taken for immediately commencing operations. The number of slaves weekly lost from the border counties of this State is estimated to be equal to $10,000 in value, and the most efficient organization will be necessary to prevent its increase. That they receive money, arms, and directions from the Abolitionists, there is no manner of doubt; and, after they cross the line, places of concealment are provided for them, with all the "aid and comfort" necessary to enable them to elude pursuit. The recent stampede of sixteen slaves belonging to Col. Pearce, from Baltimore county, and their arrest near Shrewsbury, Pennsylvania, proved this beyond a doubt. A reward of $2,000 discovered their hiding place, in one of the out-houses of a farmer in the vicinity. They were carried home without waiting for legal process.—*Bal. Cor. Washington Union.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1850.

☞ We are indebted to the editor of the *Liberator* for proof sheets of a portion of the following Report in advance of its publication in that paper; that which has appeared already in the *Liberator* could not be sent us in season for a simultaneous publication, but we nevertheless copy it, though not new to many of our readers. Those who have not seen the report of the speech of Mr. Channing, and the consequent debate will be certain to wish to read it, more especially if they heard it, as the most interesting and exciting event of the whole Convention was the scene of that morning, which Dr. Stone has pretty faithfully rendered. We do not, we presume, differ from anybody now in believing Mr. Channing to have been actuated by the purest and holiest motives, but we did differ from many at the moment of this debate in our understanding of what he precisely meant to convey. For our own part, as we understood him we thought his word of protest, of complaint, of rebuke—if you will—one most fitly spoken, and greatly needed. If there was anything to be regretted in it, it was, perhaps, that the speaker was tempted by the provocation to say a witty thing to utter that which could be misunderstoood, and expose himself to the harshly-expressed and altogether gratuitous and unjust imputation of falsehood. But this was momentary; and subsequent explanation has made all clear. The good remains, and those who will read, or who heard, Mr. Channing aright, will not fail to find it.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

[PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY DR. STONE.]

SPEECH OF WILLIAM H. CHANNING.

MELODEON—THURSDAY FORENOON, May 30.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I find a resolution worded in this way—

Resolved, That the criminality of the Abolitionists consists, not in the severity, but the justness of their language; not in the falseness, but the truthfulness of their accusations; not in the unsoundness, but the purity of their principles; not in the rashness, but the wise adaptation of their measures to the glorious end they have in view; and they are hated, persecuted and traduced, solely because they plead for justice to a despised and persecuted race; because they will not compromise with sin, nor go with the multitude to do evil; because they maintain that whatever arrays itself against human liberty is not of God; and because they declare that a religion which is stained with pollution and blood, though called by the name of Christ, is to be repudiated with indignation and abhorrence.

From this text I wish to speak, and I will confess, in the outset, that my reason for speaking at all is, that I may appear upon this platform amidst the perils of national affairs and the present excitement, which in another city has partially prohibited the liberty of speech; and the reason why, as a *Boston boy*, I wish to stand here among these despised Abolitionists is, that the *Jupiter Tonans* of Massachusetts has pounced down upon them his eagle with arrows of wrath. With a passing allusion, let us leave that subject; for I feel too sad about the matter to dwell upon it. You know the ancient sect of philosophers, who, when a friend had done a base deed, raised a monument to his memory, and never mentioned him more. So let us look upon that once great man, who, by his own weak ambition, has committed moral suicide. [Cheers and hisses.] Let us consider him simply as dead, in the judgment of God, by his own hands. And those 'Ancient and Honorable' of this great city, who sent him their letters of laudation, are merely a mourning procession, whose rights of obsequy let no man interfere with. [Applause.]

It is under the present circumstances that one wishes to appear *here*. If this great cause is once more to go through its baptismal persecution, may I be there. [Prolonged cheering.]

I, for one, grant that I had miscalculated the times. I never dreamed that the principle of liberty for all men was once again to be called in question in New England. I considered that this principle was triumphant, at least here. But if there is to be one wave more of indignation, stirred up from personal and party motives, we are all ready to breast it, are we not? Certainly we are.

Once again: when an attempt is made—for it is only an attempt, and cannot succeed—to subject us to a law, passed by whomsoever you please, which shall summon us, under penalties, to deliver up a brother or a sister who comes to us for succor, then it is necessary for every one to step forward, in the pulpit or on the public stage, and say, 'So long as I have a home it is open to all such refugees till it is crowded.' [Hear, hear.]

Under these circumstances it is that I wish to stand on this platform with you to-day, and to declare that the reason why I have not been more among you is, that in some respects, *you have gone too far for me*, and in other respects, *I have gone too far for you*.

I will not occupy your attention long.

I say that the friends of the professed Abolition school have gone too far for me, especially in relation to the Church, and I would try to state accurately and precisely how much they have gone too far, and wherein they have gone too far, because I do think they have set us a noble example of plain speaking. It is a proof of friendship to tell the truth, and I know that no man or woman here will call me an enemy because I *try* to tell them the truth.

I agree with you entirely in thinking that this Church, calling itself Christian, is not in its *spirit*, or not in its *practice*, wholly Christian. But why am I prompted thus to judge it? By what Ideal am I authorized to say that it does not come up to the standard of a true Divine Life? It is by the grace of God, which has been communicated to us through no other channel than this very Church. By placing myself in opposition to the Church, then, I shut out the very light by which I see. Never will I do so.

Why not present the subject in this way? This Christian Church is, in our country, the very *Centre of spiritual life*, of charity, of holiness—to us it is really the House of God. It does not bow before the abominations and corruptions of existing society and civil institutions. On the contrary, it puts us in a strong and high position, whence we can instantly condemn all inhumanity. It is as Christians, and on the ground of the Christian Church, that we may speak against the tyranny of wealth, the lust of power, the insensibility to oppression, the absurd hypocrisy which permits professed freemen to stand up as palliators and preservers of Slavery. I say, our strong ground is, that the Church was never *so living* as now. It is not dead: but it is forever passing through a miracle of resurrection—Men crucifying it anew, but God each day raising it anew to rule at his right hand. They may stand by the bleeding image of God in man, the image of violated humanity, and say over and over, 'See, he is dead!' But instantly, almost before that body is laid in the tomb, the risen form of a higher Ideal comes to walk abroad among the nations, to ransom them from injustice. So shall it be with one and all of the abominations, which, under the name of Christianity, lead men to tolerate or sanction Slavery. Grant, if you please, to our friend, Henry C. Wright, that there are many things in the Bible, and Creeds, and Ecclesiastical organizations, which are not according to the highest Ideal of Christianity. Shall we turn, therefore, away, or seem to turn away, from what is manifestly divine in the Christian Church and Scriptures? From the very *power* of LOVE in that man, I see that he was bred and trained up under Christian influences, and never more than now, when, with such plain sincerity, he speaks to men in warning and rebuke, would I assert that he proves himself a lover of the God of the Christian Religion. The objection made to him is not that he has told the *truth*, but that he has told it in such a way as to be inevitably misunderstood.

There is a rule for speaking laid down by a great master of thought in England. It is this: '*If I tell truth in such a way, that I know that the person who hears it will receive it as a falsehood, I practically tell a falsehood.*' I maintain that this is a sound principle of ethics. And I do bring it as a charge against my friends, that, apparently for the sake of agitation, for the sake of startling, shocking, stirring up the minds of the people, they have so told the truth that they must have known that it would be perverted into what they did not mean. I grant that this is, for the most part, an error of method, but I do assert that it needs amendment. Our friends have not felt their full power, and have not done their full work. And there is a vast work for them to do, and a vast power in them to do it. The work is this: from the ground of Christian Love to call politicians up to their standard of right. The power in them is the Truth of Love, which never so fully as now is poured in from Heaven to divinize humanity at large. I believe this is the position which Heaven summons all reformers to take. I utterly deny that the Christian Church in this day and land is ready to uphold and pander to Slavery. I say, on the contrary, the signs are very encouraging which show that a higher life is fast quickening all denominations. So much in relation to the Church.

Mr. S. S. Foster—Will the friend allow me to ask him what he means by the Church? I think he means one thing, and we another. I wish to know whether he refers to those *Organizations* of which we speak.

Mr. Channing—You have made now just the discrimination which I have always wanted you to make. And if you would but habitually do this, you would have the blessings and the prayers of good men. [Applause in the galleries.] I did not mean that *those* were the blessings. [Prolonged plaudits.] I am as much ashamed as you could be of the insult given in such plaudits. [Aside.]

Mr. Burleigh—Does not friend Channing perceive from the *position* of the applause with which his remarks were greeted, the possibility that he may be the very one who is in error?

Mr. Channing—I was just remarking, that I must take some of this applause in the way of blessings of the bad, which are but curses.

But to resume. I must differ with our friends as to their *modes*. If they had taken the other mode, of positive assertion, not negative criticism, the whole movement of emancipation would have been unspeakably farther forward than it is to-day.

I wish to say one word next,—and I will not trespass long,—in relation to the STATE. I was unfortunate enough to lose the remarks of my brother Parker yesterday afternoon——

Mrs. Foster—If Mr. Channing will allow me, I beg leave to say a single word. If I understood Mr. Channing aright, his remarks charged the Abolitionists with falsehood. It charged them with this, that they so spoke the truth that they *knew* their hearers would misunderstand them.

Mr. Channing—Not only so, but I have the honor of saying—if I may be allowed the expression—'Thou art the *man*.' [Laughter and cheers]—But you must excuse me from being submitted to your keen cross-examination; for if I am, of course you will trip me up.

Mrs. Foster—The gentleman charges me with an intention to be misunderstood. How is he going to know what is in my heart? I DENY it.

Mr. Wright—It is false.

Mr. Channing—Then you DENY it, and it is all right. I will not judge you, Heaven knows. I do think, and I must repeat, that our friends have so stated their views, that they must have known, if thay had exercised judgment, that their real meaning could not be received.

One word, then, in relation to the STATE. There never was a broader, firmer ground offered for reformers than is offered to-day among us on this great subject of Slavery, viewed in its political aspects. I take it for granted that Mr. Phillips would tell me, that he does not believe that he shall be able to succeed, as a practical measure, in breaking up this Union. If he does really expect to succeed in this, why, all I can say is, that he differs from me in regard to judgment of practical and practicable measures. I have rather understood the aim of the Abolition party politically to be this: to present a high *Ideal* of a Politics worthy to be called religious, to hold up the standard of Party, based not upon self-interest, based not upon arbitrary considerations, but upon the love and reverence of Man as MAN. I believe they have such an Ideal; and the practical measures they advocate are but the branches of this tree of life.

I have shown how they go *too far* for me in relation to the Church, and now I would show that they have not gone *far enough* in politics. They have not been true to their one great principle. They have not brought it to bear upon our institutions, in its length and breadth of application, and thus they have arrayed against themselves the jealousies and prejudices of the People.

I say, in relation to politics, it seems to me that the Abolitionists have not fulfilled their mission. They have recognized the great fundamental principle of this Nation, as regards *personal liberty*. But when you come to apply that principle of personal liberty, you should understand that it covers the whole domain of OWNERSHIP and WORK: and, logically, there was no stopping short of this. In asserting the wrong in relation to *one* mode of ownership to work, you should have asserted it in relation to *all*.

It is known to all who know anything about me, that I glory in these days, when shame is poured upon the cause of the People, to announce myself a Socialist. In all times and places, I am ready to declare that this is the political movement which more and more shall have the devotion of my life. I look upon Slavery as one of the greatest abominations, which is to be destroyed by carrying man onward to his great end. Logically, I have never been able to separate the Anti-Slavery movement from all those which are directed to raise *Labor* universally. And I believe if our friends had met Wealth here in Boston in its strongholds, and had said 'This vast network of Interest, spread abroad here as at the South, is the Tyrant in Church and State all over the world, and must be laid prostrate,' that they would have spoken out the truth in the hearts of the people. [Hear, hear.] I believe that one reason why the working classes of the whole country have not come up by instinct, and in masses, to the support of Freedom, is, that our Anti-Slavery friends have not gone far enough in showing that man is man every where. They have not carried their doctrine of equality in its applications to our social usages. I do not mean to say they may not have done this in their hearts, but they have not shown their feelings outwardly. The thorough *Emancipation* of WORK alone corresponds to the Ideal of our Nation. What is the power that the slaveholders exercise? What is it? It is the power of Combined Capital and Party Organization, working upon the cupidity of Northern capitalists, and the ambition of Northern politicians. Is not that true? Then should the Abolitionists grapple here with the persons who wield this mighty despotism, with the persons who support the great Arch Traitor of this year, with those who oppress the poor. Then would all just men be with you; and if this was made plain to the People of this land, they could not but see that their cause is one with yours.

You tell me, the Working-Men fear that the market will be flooded with slave labor, and that therefore they feel unworthy jealousy and unkindness. But if you really occupy higher ground, it is not for you to look down and scoff at them. Go to them with your larger idea of manhood and manly duty, and to show them how their course is wrong. For I hold that it is susceptible of logical demonstration, that, unless you can interlink Work and Overseership in a common effort to remove the Tyranny of Selfishness from the world, you cannot succeed in removing Slavery. The work of Man's Emancipation is *one*, everywhere.

I accord heartily with my friends, that the *first* great work of Reform in these United States is Anti-Slavery. When I meet Socialists who say, 'You cannot rescue the slave till you have organized labor,' I answer 'No! The Slavery problem among us comes in order the first. But the only way for us to proceed is from a universal principle to a universal of good. The right way then to proceed in this special movement is by showing that the principle you advocate in one movement is the universal principle of emancipation. Interlink the Anti-Slavery movement with all movements for the elevation of Work, and aid in carrying them all onward to a common triumph over injustice. In this way the highest Ideal of our nation will be realized. A work is to be done here, which is at once Political and Religious None of us can finish the work which God wishes to accomplish through us, except by laboring in the field of Universal Humanity.

And thus having laid open my mind in two directions,—not at length, but enough to hint my meaning to my friends,—I wish now to express to them my earnest thanks, that in this year of feeble fluctuations, they have stood firm and uttered no uncertain sound; that really there has been a voice of liberty, of equality, of fraternity spoken through them, that has been heard from no other source. It has pained me not to be able to be more heartily, more unreservedly heart and hand with you; for it is a position not pleasant to be lonely. In one practical political measure I go very much with you. That is to say, *I cannot vote under The National Constitution*; and simply for the reason which you have always asserted,—that as I will not take a vow myself to return fugitive slaves, will not take a vow myself to put down an insurrection of the slaves by force, of course I cannot ask any one to take that vow for me.

But you aim at DISUNION. There, I say, God forbid, again. [Applause.] Never may I have that responsibility on my shoulders. [Cheers near the door.]

Friends! perhaps you will think it on the whole quite as advisable to hiss me, when you know what I really mean. It would be better to hear the whole story out. [Loud applause.]

It is some years since I advocated this ground, and tried to bring my friends on to it—the ground, namely, not of *Disunion*, but of NEW UNION. I believe that, if the abolitionists had steadily maintained this policy, this very winter, when Congress has been beset by traitors—this very winter, throughout all the Free States would steps have been taken to call primary meetings of the People of the U. States, in order that such a New Union might be established this summer. *The time has come for it.* We ought to tell those brethren of the South, that they misunderstand the Ideal of this Nation, that they have used unholy hands to bear up the Ark of this chosen people. THE TIME HAS COME for National Reform, and I know no other mode than to plant ourselves more firmly on the fundamental principle of this Nation, which is nothing less than the UNION OF FREEMEN, typified in our motto of 'Many made one'—'*E pluribus unum.*'

Our Declaration of Independence, so far as it went, was an expression of that idea. Our Constitution, so far as it went, was an expression of that idea. But the evils of both those instruments, especially the latter, are now made manifest to us all. Temptation! Mercenary, political temptation! It is that which has shown us the latent corruption of our National Constitution; and the moment this became apparent, that moment the Constitution was adjudged. But this American UNION is a living body of United Freemen. The Constitution is merely *one form* of alliance by which they have agreed to bind themselves. And that form broken, Sovereignty falls back into the hands of the People. Let us then reassert the living reality of a union of freemen. Let us say to our countrymen, 'Do yourselves justice. Spurn the base doctrine, that this Constitution is superior to the National Conscience. Tell every man that comes before you with such an absurdity, "Through you, even over you, if you stand in the way of it, Humanity shall triumph."' We see a law, which is God's law, of which this Constitution, in so far as it is binding at all, was only an expression; for it has no claim to rule, excepting as it expresses the law of God. [Hear, hear!] And if obedience to this Constitution compels you to do the work of the Devil, then we take your mean deeds as the evidence of its corruption. [Renewed plaudits.]

I repeat, it is high time to form a New Union under a New Constitution. The time came years ago. It came when Texas was smuggled in. And I pledge every power that I have, to aid any body of men who will attempt to break up, not this *Union*, but this *Constitutional Compact* which drags us away to serve the power of darkness. But I do not stand here to try to divorce this State from the Union, or any other State from the Union. On the contrary, I stand here to call for the organization of such a Union of Freemen as God designed us to be.

If there is one fact plain in the history of the world, it is this: that God sent forth this Nation that they might become a *Confederation of Christian Commonwealths*. It is a sublime Ideal, and in spite of all the errors of our forefathers, even through our Constitution, this Ideal shines forth. It can be more fully embodied in a much more noble form of Government, and be manifested as a fuller reality in our lives and conduct.

Mr. Foster—Does not the speaker mean to make us understand that he has dissolved his connection with the American Union? I understood him to say that he long since dissolved his connection with the Government, and is not that the only disunion which any of us have preached? I wish that the friend would explain to us his own position in relation to this Government; whether he wishes to be regarded as a supporter of the Constitution.

Mr. Channing—a few plain questions will set us right. Mr. Foster does not mean, does he, that the Government is the People?

Mr Foster—No, sir.

Mr. Channing—You recognize that the People of the United States have a life and love of liberty not expressed through General Taylor.

Mr. Foster—Yes.

Mr. Channing—Then I think that this audience can also make that discrimination. What I asserted was this: that there is a LIFE in the hearts of these men and women, which recognizes the beauty of the Ideal of liberty, which recognizes the beauty of the Ideal of union, which recognizes the fact that here we have, in some degree, realized what the world has longed for, what the world has aspired to, of Liberty and Order, of Union and Variety made One. But they are prepared to recognize also that that Constitution and the Executive, Congress and Judiciary, appointed under it, do not correspond to that Ideal; and I do believe that if the abolitionists, for the last ten years, had taken the ground now advocated, before now steps would have been taken to realize that Ideal. There is to come, and in no far future, when the People of the United States will convene together to make a public act of repentance before the Nations of Christendom, for the outrage which they committed before God in daring to say that they were a Free Nation, when they enslaved their brethren. And you may depend upon it, that this will be accomplished by no half-way amendments, but by a sovereign act of Reorganization.

A Voice—What else do we ask for?

Mr. Channing—I understand you to be aiming at a dissolution of the ties which bind this State to other States.

Mr. Foster—Our friend Mr. Channing has exactly described my own position, and he is not alone. He is no more so than was the prophet of old. For I think I can safely say, that the Lord has reserved to himself seven thousand men; and nearly half of that number assembled in Ohio, and adopted an address, and published it to the world, advocating the position taken by our friend upon this platform. And therefore I put the question to him, to know if there is a real difference between us. So on the subject of the Church. It seems to me that he and I stand on precisely the same platform, only he uses more elegant and polished language than I can command. (Laughter.) I must be pardoned for the plain, farmer-like language in which I express my thoughts, and of course he will pardon me, for I do the best I can, and he does no more. [Applause.]

REMARKS OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I wish to express the thanks that I feel to the eloquent friend who has just addressed us, for the manliness as well as friendship he has shown in coming upon our platform, and giving to us frankly and undisguisedly his opinions on the great question before us, and particularly on the manner of its advocacy by the abolitionists. I will refer to one or two points only, to which he took exceptions, in order to show where we stand in reality, and to ascertain whether, after all, there exists a very wide difference between himself and us.

He complains that we so speak as to be misunderstood by the people; or, rather, that we so speak that we know we shall be misunderstood; nay, that, sometimes, we purpose and desire to be misunderstood! I regard this as a most extraordinary accusation to come from the lips of such a friend.

A gentleman in front of the chair—If I understood the speaker, he is a little misrepresented.

The Chairman—Mr. Channing is here, and can make an explanation, if he desires.

Mr. Garrison—I understand our friend to say, that we spoke not only in a manner likely to be misapprehended, but that we *designed* to be misapprehended, in order to challenge attention and create excitement. This, I repeat, is an extraordinary imputation to come from such a quarter. If the charge had been that we sometimes err in taste, in judgment, in sound discretion, in spirit even; that our language is sometimes not happily chosen, and is therefore calculated to mislead; that we might so speak as to avoid some of the opposition we are encountering, without compromising our principles; I should not have attempted to disprove it—nay, I believe it to be true. It only implies that we are not infallible—that to us attach the infirmities of our race—while it imputes nothing intentionally evil. But to say that we take occasion perversely, wilfully to be misunderstood by those to whom we address ourselves, for the sake of producing excitement, is really a very serious allegation. In view of it, however, '*my* withers are unwrung,' and I shall leave it without further remark.

Of one thing let me remind you all: whoever objects to the abolitionists, because they sometimes fail to make themselves clearly apprehended; whoever complains of them for advocating their cause in a manner calculated to produce agitation and alarm; whoever says or intimates that a great radical reform can be so conducted to victory, as to excite no rage, no tumult, no persecution, and that all that is needed peacefully and popularly to overthrow a vast, overshadowing system of iniquity, is to be prudent, calm, discriminating; that person has yet to learn the relations of cause and effect, and grossly impeaches the wisdom and discretion of all the prophets—of Christ and his apostles—of reformers in all past ages; for they were misunderstood, misrepresented, anathematized, and in many cases put to death on the most infamous charges. We claim for ourselves no higher qualties than they possessed; and, once for all, we declare, that what it was not in the power of Jesus, or his apostles, or the prophets, or the old reformers, to do—that is, so to carry on a mighty reform as to avoid popular clamor, reproach and outrage—we are unable to do; and we think it no shame to make the confession!

Our friends think that, in our judgment of the Church, we are too severe—in our spirit too destructive; that we (the 'come-otuers') ought to remember whence we came, and by whom we have been nurtured, and that all this moral daring for the liberation of the slave—in behalf of human progress generally—is to be put to the credit of the Church! Well—Luther came out of the Romish Church: shall that Church have the credit of it? The Protestants are all from the same Church: is she to be eulogized on their account, and to share in whatever they may have done in the cause of religious liberty? Is she proud of them as her offspring? I believe not; and I have yet to learn that the American Church is proud of the abolitionists who have left her, or claims any credit on their account! Jesus was nurtured in the Jewish Church: was he *therefore* trained to be a reformer? Why, did he not pronounce judgment against that Church, decry the popular worship, and say of the temple, that not one stone should be left upon another that should not be thrown down? Luther was convinced at last that the Romish Church was incapable of reformation, and hence felt impelled to labor for its extinction. The Protestant world deems his course to have been strictly philosophical, and his conclusions warranted by the facts in the case. Now we, who have come out of the corrupt, hardened, pro-slavery Church of this country, and are aiming at its downfall, are in this particular doing what Jesus and what Luther did, and closely following in their footsteps. A Church thoroughly apostate is incapable, as an organization, of repentance, and, consequently, of being reformed; and such we believe to be the American Church.

Our friend tells us that the Church was never so vital as now; that it is beginning to energise on the right side, and put forth efforts in the right direction! The Church is certainly evincing something of vitality—at least a semblance of life. But be not deceived. The body is dead, after all—the Church is a corpse, after all. It is nothing else than the galvanic battery that we are applying to it, which causes those hands to move, and those eyes to roll in their sockets. (Applause.) What was the Church doing for the abolition of Slavery before the Anti-Slavery trump was blown? Was she not deaf, blind and dumb, on this subject? And now, forsooth, all that the abolitionists have done is to be put to her credit, and we are gravely assured that she was never so vital as now! Just in proportion as she is unmasked and exposed, *and public sentiment changes*, so as to make it unsafe for her to remain in a hostile position, just in that proportion will she assume to be Anti-Slavery in sentiment. But she will never voluntarily move in that direction.

Our friend complains that we have not gone as far as himself—as far as we ought to go. What do you think of that, friends in the gallery? We are somewhat timid and conservative, after all! Why did you forget that, when you hissed and hooted at us? It seems we abolitionists are very blind; we do not see far enough. This is the allegation. Now, sir, I am not so vain or so deluded as to suppose that we yet see or apprehend all truth. Nor do I suppose that the abolition of Slavery, in this country, is 'the end of the law for righteousness,' even 'to every one that believeth.' Nor do I believe that the abolitionists have attained to all knowledge. Eternity is before us; and I think we shall be learners through all eternity. But the issue is one, simply, as to *present vitality of position*.

In regard to this 'not going far enough,' I wish to add a few words more. Our friend tells us that 'we ought to regard man as man.' Well, is not this the foundation of the Anti-Slavery movement? Show me one, on the face of the earth, more degraded, more despised, more ill-treated, more depressed in the scale of humanity, than the poor imbruted American slave; and if the abolitionists have not remembered that lower object, and pleaded for his deliverance, I will admit that they have not gone far enough. (Cheers.) The greater degradation includes the less, and that is found in the lot of the Southern bondman. It is his enfranchisement we advocate, not without trial or hazard; and through him we plead for the freedom and equality of the whole human race. For I think our friend Channing will do us the justice to admit that, if we do not publicly endorse or actively support every movement that claims to be reformatory, it is not for lack of boldness, or through fear of popular odium, but solely from not apprehending its importance as others do, or because we are already staggering under the load of responsibilities connected with what we deem to be, *for the time being*, the most radical movement on the American soil.

To encourage us to change our course, we are assured that if we would take broader ground, we should have more supporters, and obtain greater success. Our friend claims to have taken that broader ground. I will not disparage his position; I do not doubt his sincerity. But I ask him, has the result in his own case confirmed the hypothesis he has laid down? What signal success has yet crowned the Fourier movement, in which he feels so deep an interest? What alarm, what commotion has it caused throughout the country? What mob has howled upon its track? To what extent has it secured the confidence and awakened the zeal of the white laboring classes? Where are its multitudinous supporters! They are *non est inventus*. I am not speaking reproachfully, but dealing with facts. On the other hand, how eventful has been the history of the Anti-Slavery movement! What discussion and conflict, what agitation and tumult, what tremor and consternation, in Church and State, among all sects and parties, have marked its triumphant career! And how many have been induced to become its advocates and supporters! Is not this an evidence of rare vitality? Indeed, our friend has the candor to admit, that this enterprise is of the first importance in this country; and this is all we ask to have conceded to us.

Practically, how broad is the ground occupied by our friends, the Socialists? Are they the advocates of absolute peace? and do they demonstrate this by voting to uphold a war-sustaining government? How with regard to temperance? I am not aware that they hold the principle of total-abstinence in common. Many a socialist is animated by the foul spirit of complexional caste. Some of them can sneer at the proposition to allow woman equal rights with man. Now, I do not think that either the peace, temperance, Anti-Slavery, or woman's rights reform is to be abandoned on the plea that it is not broad enough. If true to its principles, each is broad enough for its object. General results are to be obtained by specific labor, not by indulgence in an ideal theory, however comprehensive. What is it that our Socialist friends are accomplishing? They hold a pleasant festival once a year—on the birthday of Fourier; they pass the evening in gay communion; they eat and drink, they sing and dance; and then retire to bed. Is it in this way Slavery is to be abolished, or the laboring classes of the world redeemed?

A word in regard to the Constitution. Our friend, while admonishing us of the importance of so speaking as not to be misunderstood, should himself take special care to use language that will not mislead,—language in its common acceptation. He asks us whether the people are not distinct from the government; so that the government may be overthrown, without overthrowing the people. He makes a broad distinction between the American Union and the American Constitution—professing to cling tenaciously to the former while repudiating the latter. Is there any such distinction? Where was the Union before the adoption the Constitution? What, in fact, is the Union without the Constitution? We are dealing with a stern reality, now with an ideal thing. The Constitution is a definite instrument, binding the people of this country together in one common Union. Now, as Abolitionists, we say that, inasmuch as that instrument contains the most sinful compromises with the Slave Power, and we must swear to support it as it is, or not at all, we are religiously bound to abjure it—we cannot be loyal to it at the sacrifice of our consciences. It is a sound maxim, that 'we may not do evil that good may come;' another is, that 'the end does not sanctify the means.' At least, that is the Protestant doctrine against Jesuitism, and I am addressing an assembly of Protestants. Now, placing ourselves on the ground of absolute morality, we say—if, to sustain the Constitution, we must shed innocent blood; we must return the fugitive slave; we must conspire to keep our enslaved countrymen in their chains; no matter what that instrument contains that is valuable, allegiance to it is a crime; no matter what choice ingredients may be mingled therein, the poisoned chalice is to be dashed to the ground. Hence it is that we call for a dissolution of the Union.

But why ask Massachusetts, as a State, to secede? Because as a State, she entered into the compact. Because, as a State, she claims to be free—protests that Slavery is a Southern institution—and boasts that no bondage is tolerated under her laws. We have a right, therefore, to take her at her word, to judge her by her own professions; and, convicting her of having entered into 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell'—of being in partnership with the slaveholding South—we conceive it to be our duty to say to her—'Secede from such a Union!' Then, and not till then, may she stand up proudly before the world, and exclaim—'I am free! No slave shall ever clank his chains upon my soil! I aid, I connive at no tyranny!'

Sir, if any one will show me how I may do evil, with a good object in view, without committing sin; how I may discard the principles of injustice to attain what in itself is desirable, without being guilty of dishonesty; I will thank him for enlightening my understanding, and relieving my conscience. But believing as I do that we should always abstain from wrong-doing; that we are to sacrifice everything dear to us, rather than to compromise with sin; I am for standing on the ground of eternal rectitude, cost what it may. Though houses and lands—though reputation, and comfort, and affluence—though father, and mother, and brother, and sisters, and children, and friends—be perilled or sacrificed by my obedience to the truth, I will commit them to the hands of a gracious God, satisfied with having done my duty as a moral and an accountable being, and leaving the responsibility with Him who alone sees the end from the beginning. (Enthusiastic applause.)

REPLY OF MR. CHANNING.

Mr. Garrison is too hospitable and accomplished a host not to recognize all the usages of civility. Now, when I visit a friend's house, I shall not go to praise his home, but to enjoy myself freely in converse with him. If there is anything to be spoken in criticism, it is to be said then and there; and when I go abroad, I shall not misrepresent him. I call every one to witness, that wherever I have been or spoken, the chance has never yet been offered to say a word of sympathy in behalf of the Abolitionists which has been let slip. Altogether, it would have been a violation of one's heart and conscience not to recognize what is due to them. You have heard my *worst* word here—a worse word than I ever said elsewhere of you at all.

A Voice—There was a charge of falsehood.

Mr. Channing—This is simply the question, then, of 'coffee and pistols for two.' I have charged you with a lie, and of course there is nothing to do but to fight it out. (Much laughter.)

Rev. Samuel May, Jr.—Our friend Channing has done what he never did before, and what I cannot believe he meant; and that is, to charge a most sincere and devoted woman with an intentional deception. Did he mean it or did he not? I think if he did, he undertook to read the hearts of us all in a way he never did before. I have known him to be constantly protesting against that course of uncharitable language. Now, I want him to say that the Abolitionists do actually speak so as to be misunderstood, *in my opinion*; but I will not charge it upon one of them, and I will repel the charge from Mrs. Foster, from Henry C. Wright, that they intend to be misunderstood. I say, they speak great solemn truths; and if this people misunderstand them, it is, to a great extent, because their foolish hearts are darkened. But I wish, with reference to this, that our friends would make themselves understood; but that they mean to be misunderstood, I

Mr. Channing—I did not think they could have so misunderstood me. It was a simple play of wits with Mrs. Foster that led me into that affair. My doctrine is, that a person should so tell the truth as to be clearly understood, and if he violates that rule so as consciously and willingly to be misunderstood, he does not pursue the truthful course. And I did mean to say—if I am wrong, may God judge me!—I did mean to say, that my friends had darkened the truth, that they had not so spoken the truth as to be understood.

I will illustrate by referring to what occurred in New York; and I only wish that the *Herald* could have better enlightened the remote village where I was residing, that I might have foreknown that scene of riot, and have been with you there. It does seem to me that the matter could have been so stated, even to that low rabble, that it would have been impossible for them to present themselves as martyrs for the Christian Church. The idea of Isaiah Rynders and his boys standing up as martyrs for the Christian Church!! It was certainly the most amusing spectacle ever offered to a laughter-loving world. I cannot but think that our friends must take to themselves the credit of this grand farce; and I do not mean to say *more* than that, in my opinion, they might have premeditated to avoid it.

I think I understand our friends. I never should dream of calling one of you a blasphemer, because I have known you too long and too well. But when we go to a new place, and among new acquaintances, the truth should be stated so as not to be perverted into error in their minds. As far as I was understood to accuse any one here of *deliberate lying*, I need only say, that I, of course, had no such intention.

Our friend who has spoken last has given an exhibition of moral courage which is a high example. But I must plead guilty of believing that the age of border warfare has passed. When I hear, then, his horn sounding through the country, summoning his followers to make a foray in order to catch some stray Southerners, morally, not physically, of course, skin them, cut them up, and broil them at leisure on the gridiron of our indignation, I must confess that I have no appetite for the feast. Oftentimes, when I see Wendell Phillips standing on this platform, the old story comes up in my mind of Apollo slaying the Python. I see a radiant image; the golden arrows fly; the monster is slain; but the bright image is darkened by the spots of blood; and then I think of that annual lustration by way of atonement for this very deed of needful destruction. What lustration he has to go through, in order to atone for the stern justice with which, by the keen shafts of his eloquence, he has punished political Pythons for their iniquities! Here, again, perhaps I have violated my own rule, and been again misunderstood.

Mr. Garrison has said that the Church is DEAD. I deny it; I deny it utterly. The American Church, of course, I refer to. He has said that it was only by the action of these earnest reformers that it is galvanized so as to show a spark of life. I deny it utterly. (Applause in the galleries.)

(O ye clay Cariatides in the temple, be still and listen!)

I say, just in so far as in any degree whatsoever the Christian Church appears to be dead, the true position for all to take is, to say to the mocking infidel world is, 'She is not dead, but sleepeth;' and the great power of Divine Humanity and Love will take it by the hand and revive it.

REPLY OF MR. GARRISON.

Mr. Chairman—If our friend in the history of the ages that have gone by, will show me where an organized Church ever made the slightest progress, I will yield the point entirely, and confess that I am mistaken.

Mr. Wright—Or awakened after it has fallen asleep.

Mr. Garrison—Yes, or awakened after it has slept. I think I am sustained by every page of ecclesiastical history in declaring, that in every age and clime, the recognized, established Church has persecuted every new reform, whatever countenance it may have given after that reform has has fought its way to victory over all opposition. So it is with the American Church: it is hostile to human freedom, to progress. Spiritually, it is dead, beyond the power of resuscitation. It may be galvanized; it may at last cease to be a hindrance; but it is incapable of vital action—of grappling with popular iniquity.

One word further about Abolitionists failing to make themselves understood, or so speaking as to cause unnecessary excitement. I address a people who profess to have a deep reverence for the Bible. What, then, are the examples it gives in analagous cases? Let us go back to the time of Isaiah. He was among his own countrymen, who claimed to be a peculiar people, set apart for a special purpose; whose religious pretensions were of the loftiest character; and whose boast it was that to them were committed 'the oracles of God.'—Yet this was the language in which he addressed them:—'Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of *Sodom*; give ear, ye people of *Gomorrah!* . . . Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers! . . . . Your hands are full of blood!' Was not that the height of indescretion, and the worst possible mode of procedure? Perhaps it was; perhaps the prophet entirely mistook his mission; perhaps his example is not fit to be imitated! Then I will turn to a greater than Isaiah—to Jesus of Nazareth, the accepted Messiah of this nation. How did he deal with the influential and godly of his times? He accused them of being 'blind guides,' 'hypocrites,' devourers of widows' houses,' 'serpents,' 'children of the devil, who could not escape the damnation of hell'! Was that in good taste? Was such language calculated to convince or enlighten? How could he help being 'misunderstood'? If he was spit upon, rejected, accused of being a blasphemer, and finally crucified between two thieves, was any one to blame for it but himself?—Ought he not to have occupied 'broader ground'?—Now, I say that we do not claim to be wiser or more prudent than was Isaiah, or Christ and his apostles!

But some will sneeringly say, 'Jesus we know, and the apostles and prophets we know; but who are ye?' At least as sane in our day as they were regarded in theirs; as much in repute as they were; as little misunderstood, and engaged in a cause not more odious, though equally Godlike! For, in the popular estimation, they were 'as the filth of the earth, and the offscouring of all things'—and below that point we have not yet fallen! Consider how they were regarded while living—not in what veneration they are now held; and then you will be able to form a just idea of how their denunciatory language must have sounded in the ears of the sanctimonious and reputable in those times. So must we be content to be misunderstood, hated and persecuted, in a nation more guilty than ancient Jews.

I conclude by seriously asking our freind Channing, whether, in the midst of such a struggle as this,—at a crisis like this, when the spirit of evil is strengthening itself, and the mob are howling after us—this is the occasion, or the time, for us to come together to criticise each other's rhetoric—to make an issue with each other, in regard to matters of taste or judgment in the manner of advocating this righteous cause? Should we not rather remember the work that remains to be done, the number of foes yet to be vanquished, and, trusting in God that every one heartily engaged in the conflict will not greatly err, at least give ourselves unreservedly to the cause, to the best of our ability—remembering how much is to be 'pardoned to the spirit of liberty'?—(Cheers.)

Mr. Channing—I must ask Mr. Garrison a plain question. Does he mean to say that any person *supposes* that I appear here for the purpose of criticising you? Do you believe it?

Mr. Garrison—No—not mainly.

Mr. Channing—My criticism was merely a passing word. My one end in being here this morning is to offer a public pledge before any mob, to stand by you in the struggle, if struggle there is to be. It is on account of the grandeur of your undertaking that I am here to-day. And I would judge you for the past, only that I might prompt you in the future to take the full ground of duty offered.

Rev. Theodore Parker—Let me ask Mr. Channing one question. I understood him that Anti-Slavery men used language for the purpose of being misunderstood.

Mr. Channing—Does my friend misunderstand me? His mode of asking the question puts me in a false position, and I demand of him, before this audience, that he will tell me what HE thinks I meant.

Mr. Parker—I thank him for this opportunity of expressing myself. I have known him long, and known him well, and reverenced him much. I have loved him long, (I wish he was not present to hear me say it,) and have revered him for years. Judging by my heart, I never could have decided in the same way. I must believe my heart, and I do disbelieve my ear.

Mr Channing—Did my brother hear me when I said, that *in so far as I had violated my own rule*, I had told a lie?

Mr. Parker—I did hear it very indistinctly.

Mr. Channing—The surprise was to me, that I should be again questioned, after having stated explicitly that I did not mean to be understood as accusing my friends of deliberate lying.

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

I do not know that I can make myself heard, though I always wish to contribute my morsel to the interest of the meetings when I can. A subject is now up, in which I feel a great interest. But before I go any further, I wish to say that my brother Wright said he addressed himself to your understanding; but he did not mean to *that on which you stand*. [Laughter.] He addressed himself to that which is *within* you, if there is anything in you which could be alluded to in a figure as your 'understanding.' [Hisses.]

If our doctrines are not palateable to you, you must not be responsible for them. But you mistake our character altogether, if you think we are to be convinced by that kind of logic to which you have treated us. We shall accept it if it is the best argument you can give; but you must excuse us if we will not be convinced by it. If you will choose your man or men to advocate your side, you will not find us wanting in courtesy. We are glad of any kind of defence that may be called reasonable or rational, however it may fail to convince us.

About the Bible, why is it that we are so pressed to know what our individual opinions are. Have we not told you over and over again, that if the Bible does sanction Slavery, we do not believe in the Bible? And if you convince us that the Bible sanctions Slavery, the question is answered, and just as you seem disposed to have it answered. For that generation which tried once to entangle another in his talk seems not to have died without numerous descendants. Now, prove to us that the Bible sanctions Slavery, and you have convicted us of infidelity. Why attempt to do indirectly and cunningly that which you yourselves have not the manliness fairly to undertake? When you or Professor Stuart, or when you *and* Professor Stuart [Laughter] shall have convinced us that the Bible has sanctioned Slavery, you will find us repudiating the Bible fast enough. I will go home and make a bonfire of all I have, (and they are many,) except one, which I will keep as a curiosity, and put it, when they become scarce, in the museum. When you convince us that the Bible upholds American Slavery, I shall revere it no more than I do the *evangelical* thumbscrews or *Bible* bloodhounds and Bowie-knives of this most 'patriarchal institution.' Just prove to me that the book sanctions or sanctifies Slavery, and I will keep and embalm *one* copy, as the wonder of wonders in this most wonderful age. What others I have shall be entombed in a sepulchre of fire.

But I was about to allude to one fact that seems to me of some consequence in this connection; and that is, that the verdict of almost all classes of people, at this time, seems to be wholly in favor of the Bible; and if I were heart and soul on that side, I think I would not be greatly alarmed. Have not you Professor Stuart and the whole Evangelical Church? And have you not Daniel Webster and the whole political church from Daniel Webster UPWARD?—for God forbid that there should be any *downward* from Daniel Webster now! [Cheers and hisses.]

I perceive that some of our friends on the border of the house have an *impediment in their speech*. [Laughter.] It is rather a calamity, my friends, but nobody sympathizes with you more sincerely than I do. Renewed laughter.] I was speaking in reference to the Bible when you hissed. Rome, if history tells true, was once saved by the hissing of geese. I hope the Bible won't be driven to such a stern necessity as to require a similar salvation. [Applause and hisses.] But why cannot we dispense with that dialect? It does not belong to this stage of human advancement.

I remember that Professor Agassiz, in the Lowell Institute, told us that on the first appearance of animal existence, it was proved that the first being went on its belly and ate dust, and that *the first utterance was a hiss*. Now, I should be sorry if any of that kind of existences, at this late day, had crept in among us, for they certainly do themselves no honor, and would probably go someways from satisfying us of the necessity of our going down to their unfortunate level. [Laughter.] But if you will be calm and manly, and speak with tongues, I think you will find that the Abolitionists not only have ears, but *ears to hear*; a very important distinction, which the son of God once made. He only said, 'He that hath ears to *hear*, let him hear; and the remark might have alluded only to a very small portion of his audience. [Renewed mirth] If you will speak, you will have a kindly treatment and hearing. And cannot you meet men and women who are disposed to meet you as men, I will not say as *women*, because there are no women in that unfortunate fringe which is drawn *or coiled* around our meeting. [Good.]

I was speaking of the safety and security of the Bible. From Prof. Stuart, from Andover, and from every theological seminary in the land, has there not gone forth a torrent of evidence in its behalf? Have not those seminaries sent forth their thousands of messengers in its favor? and did not the devout and divine Capt. Rynders and his *pious* band also join their voices, like trumpets, to snatch the Bible from threatened danger, and plant it high on the affections of the world, as they say it is already in the affections of Him whom they claim as its Author?

But another thought. We had a mob the other day, in New York, in defence of the Bible and the Church, among other things. The city authorities, the police, the press, were all more or less implicated in it. How happened it that of all the meetings here, the Anti-Slavery meeting was singled out, mobbed, broken up, and that slaveholders were so rejoiced at this short triumphing of the wicked? And how comes it that we are again assailed here on this anniversary week in Boston—that the Anti-Slavery movement seems to be the movement round which gathers all those battalions of opposition combined as a kind of Holy Alliance in defence of the Bible and the Church?

The other day, in New York, there came up from the South and from the North, from the East and from the West, gathering themselves together, almost the entire clergy of the land—surely a large representation of them—until the smoke of their divinity went up in the face of Heaven like the smoke of a furnace. There was the American Bible Society, represented by Doctors of Divinity and Doctors of Law. There was the American Tract Society, and I do not know what number of American Missionary Societies; the American Education Society, and the American Colonization Society—of whom Slavery says when comparing it with these others, Many daughters have done virtuously for me but thou excellest them all. [Much laughter.] They were all gathered there. Slavery came up and joined its voice, and lent its influence, and thus the whole heaven seemed overcast with those great rooling black clouds of divinity and of so-called philanthropy and Christian benevolence. And yet they were all perfectly safe. There was no Capt. Rynders to disturb any of these. The city authorities did not voluntarily set the mob upon them. Slavery had not looked terrified in anticipation of their gathering—had not looked forward to it as to a time of tribulation. And when the Slave Power of the country saw this mighty force, gathered and bearing up like a thunder-storm against the Northern sky, it did not tremble, Slavery did not shrink; for she was there with her representatives.—And neither you nor I can tell how many negroes the week before had been sold, that their pious masters might have the wherewithal to replenish the treasury of the Lord on that, to them, joyous occasion. No, Slavery did not tremble. It looked on calm and serene. Nay, more! It rejoiced; it thaked God and took courage, and made Bennett's *Herald* and the *N. Y. Globe* its organs in giving utterance to its notes of thanksgiving.

Let me ask some of this audience who have manifested displeasure, how came it that Slavery exhibited no alarm and terror at all this array of so called Christian benevolence? Was it not because it was well aware that it had a magic wand, with which it needed only to touch that cloud of divinity, and it could conduct every bolt harmless to its feet.

But there was some cause of terror there. In the midst of all that blackness and darkness, there was some cause of terror. We did behold the sea and waves rooling. But why was it? For this reason: that in the midst of all that aggregation of religious and philanthropic power, twinkling down from among all those clouds and darkness, there shone one glimmering star, one brilliant ray of light, as the star of Bethlehem. It was the star of dread to the slaveholder, but the star of promise to the slave. It was to the tyrant more like that star of which you read in apocalyptic vision, whose name was Wormwood. It was this star which, casting its piercing ray through that cloud and ihat darkness, sent dismay and terror through the ranks of the tyrants and their abettors, from the *New York Herald* upward, or downward to the remotest savannahs of the South. It was the Anti-Slavery enterprise, that twinkling star, which sent more terror to the hearts of the tyrants than the handwriting upon the wall sent to the heart of the proud king of Babylon.

I ask in all this audience, is there anything here instructive? Is there anything worthy of your consideration? You all agree, I suppose, with Henry Clay, that Slavery is a wrong, that it ought not to exist. How comes it then that so many are gathered in defence of the Church that upholds it—gathered in behalf of the popular religion and the enterprises to which I have referred? How comes it that all this tempest of power is gathered at the same time in one blast of focal indignation upon this movement, while all others are spared? Have you thought of it? Have you considered in whose ranks you are found? What has the Anti-Slavery movement done? What has it proposed to do? It *compels* no man to unite with it. It *compels* no man to look approvingly upon it. It only asks what these other bodies claim and what the government concedes to them. It only asks a fair field and fair discussion; and when you have crushed it by argument, you have crushed it forever. But let me tell you, nothing less than the power of the omnipotent God is able to stay the rushing tide of human sympathy, that swells gloriously upward from so many divine souls.

Now, will ye fight against this movement? You had better beware, 'lest haply ye be found fighting against God.' Do you know anything else so immortal as the Anti-Slavery enterprise? Did n't ye combine all your energies twenty years ago against it? Did n't ye, like Herod of old, put every infant to death on the floor of Congress in the right of petition, that ye might destroy the child Jesus who had come to ask for the overthrow of Slavery—the deliverance of the captive. Did not the Governor of this Commonwealth [Gov. Everett] recommend that the Anti-Slavery cause be visited with the artillery of penal enactment? Did he not recommend to the Legislature to open its batteries and enact its laws against it? Did not the country, North and South, conspire against it? Did you not raise earth and hell against the rising tide of humanity and human sympathy? Has not the mob been howling on its track from that day to the present? Has not the Church and have not the clergy visited it with their direst anathemas, consuming, like the anger of the Hebrew God, to the lowest hell? And yet what do you behold?

'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.' This cause was never crushed. With all this terrible tempest of opposition, this movement stands, and ever has stood, like a rock in mid ocean, against which the billows of centuries have been beating, but have beaten in vain. Now, cannot you learn wisdom? Cannot the young men learn wisdom? The Anti-Slavery enterprise is a good deal older than some of you, and it has stood sterner shocks than you can bring against it. It was at one time nearly embodied in the heart, I might almost say of a single individual, and yet the God of the oppressed held him in the hollow of his hand, and no weapon turned against him was suffered to prosper. Young men! your fathers tried it, but they found it too mighty for them.

'Your fathers found the force too strong,
Nor should the children try.'

You had better stand aloof. If it be of men, it will fall, and you will save your reputation as opposers of the public peace. But if it be of God, it will be your wisdom and your prudence to at least refrain from it and let it alone. It is out of the reach of your artillery Fire cannot consume it; flood cannot drown it; famine cannot starve it; sword cannot destroy it. It is immortal in its own intrinsic excellence, and can no more die than God can die.

Now, then, had you not better let it alone, or, at least meet it by fair argument? And then there is an excellent suggestion, I think, (if I have not forgotten the little I ever did read in books,) an excellent suggestion in Watt's Logic; and that is, 'in carrying on a discussion, unless you have the fullest confidence in your own powers, the wiser way is to proceed by question rather than by declaration and open assertion.' I think your great head in Massachusetts—I mean no less a person than 'the godlike,'—has given you a lesson in himself. I think you have seen him eating up his past declarations, (O, what a repast!) in such a way as to prevent you from pouring out your own, so as to be obliged to devour the terrible sacrament.

If you argue as men, palsied be the hand and silent the tongue which should not meet you with Christian courtesy and kindness. You see the effect of that kind of demonstration in New York.

There was a missionary I read of the other day. He went to Hindostan to convert the worshippers of Juggernaut; but he made a bad speculation, and finally made a contract with the people to run their car of Juggernaut by steam. [Laughter, and cries of 'Shame, Shame"]

In New York the other day, the Anti-Slavery movement came near receiving as powerful an auxiliary as the car of Juggernaut had. We gained the assistance of Capt. Rynders. We yoked that whirlwind to our car, and never had the chariot of Anti-Slavery such a team before. [Prolonged applause.] If you wish to do this, to thus aid us, New York has set you a glorious example; and I hope the same reinsman who guided with bit and bridle that at first intractable caravan will be able to guide you, so that what you mean for our harm, God shall mean it for our good, and the wrath of man shall thus praise him. And what wrath does not praise him, God himself will restrain. [Reiterated plaudits.]

Domestic Correspondence.

Baltimore and Baltimoreans—Ladies Literature and Schools—Churches—The Cemeteries—The Fine Arts—Slavery.

BALTIMORE, June 13, 1850.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

DEAR SIR: Affairs of business, as well as pleasure, requiring my presence in this city, for some time, I have had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the characteristic peculiarities of Baltimore than I have ever before enjoyed. A stranger, on arriving here, from the Eastward, would be struck, at first view, with the strong resemblance which this city bears to the great Metropolis of New England—Boston. Like Boston, it is uneven, and its streets are somewhat irregular. The people, too, are like the Bostonians, intelligent and intellectual, governed more by the head than the heart Their ethical system is well expressed by that phrase, essentially French, and so often used by Guizot—"THE INTEREST WELL UNDERSTOOD." They are social, however, and obliging and polite. The gentleman are energetic in business, and equally accomplished in those elegant *bagatelles* that grace a drawing room. The ladies—I must not forget them—are delightful creatures, beautiful as angels, full of vivacity and grace, and well worthy that profound homage which here, in a pre-eminent degree, is paid them, by our sex.

In literature, however, Baltimore is far behind Boston, and, indeed, most of our large cities. Very few works are published here; nor has Baltimore any periodical purely literary. The schools are good, and are liberally supported. This year, the expenditures of the city for this purpose amount to $76,840 17.

The environs of Baltimore are extremely beautiful. A few days since, I visited the Baltimore Cemetery. It is really a delightful spot; and, although it cannot be compared with Greenwood or Mt. Auburn, it is still worthy all the affection and pride with which the Baltimoreans regard it. It is tastefully embellished; its monuments are chaste, and many of them are beautiful. But the most beautiful and enduring monuments here—those that speak the most powerfully to the heart, and which bring to the wounded affections the most tender consolations—are the flowers, and shrubs and trees that the hand of unforgetting love plants on and around the graves, and which spring perpetually renews. More expressive and touching are those than any monuments of granite or marble, which are, too often, more the symbols of arrogance and pride than tokens of affections, or emblems of a tender sorrow.

Gems sparkling life, whose fragrant breath
Revives the sense to pleasure there,
And garlands crown the place of death,
Which joyous life and youth could wear.
The friend's goods name, who rests beneath,
As odorous flowers in sunny air,
To us shall sweet and lovely be
In everlasting memory.

Types, truth selects, appropriate,
Fair, fading creatures of a day,
Of human life, to indicate
The fragile state, and swift decay;
Now in prosperity elate,
And then forever passed away;
Bedecking thus the mortal cell,
Our tale impressively they tell.

And chiefly now that Spring's soft breath
Wakes latent energies below,
Leaves, buds and blossoms bursting forth,
With graceful life and beauty glow,
Symbols of triumph over death,
The resurrection hope they show;
The Grave her tenants shall restore,
And Death of victory boast no more.

There is a deeper love, and truer taste for the works of art here, than I had previously any idea of; and Baltimore can boast of having several very clever artists. The people are more inclined to patronize picture galleries and Panoramas, than the more exciting amusements of the theatre. A few evenings since, I visited New York—or rather Evan's celebrated Paintings of your great Babylon, which are now on exhibition in this city. Although the work is not without its faults, it is a very creditable achievement of art. But I have alluded to this Panorama now, for the purpose of noticing a unique idea thrown out by the gentleman who gives the descriptive lectures connected with the exhibition. In speaking of a very magnificent view of the interior of the office of your enterprising townsman, Dr. S. P. Townsend, 82 Nassau street, he represented the Doctor as a gentleman who was led by a high philosophy to desire to mingle the beauty of Art and the influence of Poetry with the prosaic details of business, believing that a love of art, a reverence for the beautiful, and a constant communion with what is beautiful in nature and art, are intimately connected with the sentiments of honor and virtue, according to the notion expressed by—I do not remember what writer—in these words: "There is a divine contagion in all beauteous things." Now this philosophy of Dr. Townsend is the very divinest of all philosophies, and these practical illustrations of it entitle him to the gratitude and respect of all that class of persons who deprecate the innovations as the utilitarians; those miserable calculators, who would rob the Heavens of the last star, and pluck out of the last flower, if money could be made by the operation!

From what I have observed, since I have been here, I am convinced that the Anti-Slavery spirit is fast advancing through all the South. The immense agitation now going on in all this Southern country, the terrible battle of words which rushes with thunder-sweep over the entire land and all the mighty fury which to-day lashes Southern society into a fever, are symptoms of that last great spasmodic struggle, which an institution, doomed to perish, engages in, and in which it usually finds its death and its grave. As far as Baltimore is concerned, I do not believe there is any real love of Slavery, on any wish to see it perpetrated. The institution exists here by its inertness. It has not life enough to die. It must be kicked out of existence, Anti-Slavery people are only to be firm, temperate, and active, and victory will crown their efforts. A.

Foreign Correspondence.

[The publication of the following capital letter of our esteemed Dublin Correspondent has been unavoidably delayed, though waiting for its place, for several weeks past. Though the first portion of it is a little out of date it is all so excellent that we omit none of it.]

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, May 3, 1850.

MY DEAR GAY: Dublin is now and has been for the last two weeks a paradise for Glaziers. This day two weeks we had such a storm of thunder, lightning, wind, and hail, and such a smashing of glass in consequence, that the like of it was never before seen in the Island of Saints. It was not, indeed, properly speaking, a storm, but a hurricane of the fiercest kind, such as we read of in tropical countries. If such Hailstones be frequent in the tropics, I don't know how they can keep their windows whole, unless the glass be much thicker than is common in these parts. The whole affair lasted about half an hour, and the worst part of it, (I mean, of course, that in which the glass was broken) continued about two or three minutes. In all the front of my house we had only *two* panes left whole above the basement story—and as the price of glass and labor rose at once enormously, we were kept for some days in such an air bath that if a plethora of atmosphere be as wholesome as some people think, we should all now be in a state of rude health. The devastation was tremendous. It is said that misery loves company—and if so, nearly all the 250,000 citizens of "dear dirty Dublin" (as Fanny Kemble called our beautiful city) had a fine opportunity of laughing or crying together as best suited their mood. The hailstones were whoppers. They were generally as large as a marble—some were found as big as walnuts—and I *heard* of one that was seen as large as a hen's egg. But *I* did not see that one. There are some people's eyes so extremely convex that whatever they look at is magnified to a surprising degree. The destruction of glass was the chief result of the storm. I do not know of much other mischief. I heard, to be sure, of a heavy cart having been lifted off the ground on one side of a high house, carried over it, completely to the other side, and thrown into the canal. But *I* did not see that either. You see I am a conscientious historian. Like Herodotus I distinguish between what I saw and what other people tell me. A gentleman of undonbted veracity assured me that some small old slates with which his house was roofed were perforated by the hailstones as if by a discharge of musketry. He remarked that the apertures would be readily filled with Roman Cement, but I entreated him to preserve a few of these remarkable slates and present them to one of our museums. Some called this storm *a visitation*, others called it *a judgment*. It is certain that multitudes of rooms got an airing such as they had not had for many a year. Curtains and window-shutters were in great requisition, and on the principle that "there is nothing like leather" I covered the sashes of my front sitting room with thick paper, which served the double purpose of keeping us warm and putting passers by in great good humor, they were so much deverted by my innocent device. Besides, whoever suffered most was pretty sure to be laughed at. People take a harmless pleasure in the misfortune of their neighbors. There is a certain agreeable excitement in it, especially if you have escaped yourself. You must have remarked the happy looks of a crowd as they stand gazing at a house on fire. When I remonstrated with a neighbor (who did not appear to have suffered at all) for the smiling face he wore, he very properly remarked that it was as good to laugh as to cry; and then he administered the more substantial consolation that although I was greatly battered in front, the rear of his house had suffered nearly as much. You see my friend understood human nature. Glass doubled in price immediately, and Glaziers not only became excessively saucy, but some of them prayed audibly for the speedy return of such another hurricane. Some of the fraternity, apprehensive, perhaps, of too great an accession of worldly wealth, and knowing that money suddenly acquired is apt to make wings and fly away, left their work and got drunk, and very probably continued so till all the damage was repaired. All the towns which have access to Dublin by railway were cleared of their glass and their glaziers—and one poor fellow who came up from a country town to the harvest lost his senses through the intense excitement and want of sleep. The whole damage may have amounted to seventy-five thousand dollars—not one-tenth of that which is sometimes caused by a smart fire in New York or Boston, but our misfortune was peculiar; it was widely spread, and made a great show. The town looked as if it had been plied with musket balls, and the streets were strewed with broken glass. Another remarkable circumstance was the smallness of the area on which the storm expended its violence. It was almost confined to Dublin—and at places not more than two miles from the city, neither, storm, hail, lightning, nor thunder was observed All windows that looked to the east escaped entirely. Yet so partial was the damage done in other directions that while forty panes were broken in one house, only one was destroyed in the house next to it in the same street. At one end of our street the damage was comparatively slight; at our end we could hardly have been cleared out more completely. Churches and Chapels of all persuasions were as impartially dealt with as theatres or banks and other temples of Mammon. Prudent people consumed great quantities of paste and brown paper, being determined not to submit to extortion, but to wait quietly till prices lowered.—Getting tired of the darkness, and not liking to have my house any longer dedicated to Eolus, I called on the artists, pulled down the paper and paid the price. It was an ancient custom of the students of Trinity College, about thirty years ago to go out at night towards the end of Lent, and smash the street lamps. I remember taking a walk down Dame street one Easter Monday morning on the last occasion on which this venerable privilege was exercised. The sun was up, and the flag-way glittered as if sprinkled with diamonds. Some of the unhappy youths who asserted this custom of their predecessors were ignimoniously rusticated, and we saw nothing of the kind ever since, until this hail storm took to breaking windows with an energy and success unsurpassed by any of the students of the Irish *Alma Mater* in the oldest and best of the "good old Times."

This is the time of the Friends Yearly Meeting here. Among other papers that were read was a long Address to Sovereigns and other rulers in Europe and elsewhere on the Slave Trade and Slavery. The first part was like a sermon—the latter part was tolerably forcible, as compared with other documents proceeding from the same source. The address was signed by one, and is in process of presentation by another of those friends who were sent out a few years ago to the United States, to induce the Anti-Slavery Friends of Indiana to give up their secession, and quietly submit themselves unconditionally to the larger body. You remember the Anti-Slavery Friends were compelled to secede for having taken the advice to act boldly and individually on the slaves behalf—which has been given in repeated epistles by those very head men who now came out eating their own words—and who, as far as I heard, did not speak a word in the United States in behalf of the slaves. This plan of addressing kings and great men is their favorite way of going to work—and when they get a courteous reception they think they have effected a wonderful deal for the Anti-Slavery cause. They have little idea of appealing directly to the people, and the result is that although an Anti-Slavery sentiment pervades England, it is so little founded upon an accurate apprehension of the extent to which the pro-slavery spirit corrupts Church and State and social life in the United States that one crafty and unscrupulous pro-slavery American can do more mischief in one conversation than the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society do of good in a twelvemonth. It is my opinion that the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society do more harm than good to the cause. They collect the contributions of those generous people who take no trouble about the distributions of their donations—they support their secretary and his officers and they do little or nothing to inform and enlighten the public mind as to the tremendous position of Slavery in America where alone the battle can effectually be fought. If Slavery fall there it is gone everywhere else that civilized influence can reach it. While it continues in full vigor there, the Websters, Footes, Butler and Mason will do their best to maintain its rights and promote its prosperity elsewhere. I was lately informed by a zealous abolitionist, the wife of a congregational minister residing in London, and herself a member of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, that nothing can surpass the deadness of their annual meetings, which are poorly attended and excite almost as little interest as any of the annual meetings of the great Societies held in London. This would not and could not be so if the work were heartily done by people who had their hearts in it.

This is a shocking affair, I was going to say of "Webster"—but I don't mean the *murder*, but the *treason*. The last was infinitely the more atrocious of the two Daniel is the guiltier and the more degraded man. The miserable professor was probably ruined by giving way to some sudden access of passion, and having stabbed Parkman, his presence of mind forsook him, and instead of declaring his guilt, he took those means of concealing it which put him in the position of a deliberate murderer. But Daniel Webster has plainly sold himself and his country, lured by the present pay or the paltry phantom of ambition. I loathe him as I do Georgey, but he is the wickeder man. He sins against light, truth, and humanity to an extent which it would be difficult to parallel in the history of intellect prostituted, and glorious opportunities thrown away. What do those Boston people mean, who have signed an address of congratulation to him? Gentlemen, merchant princes, doctors of divinity—are they so blind or indifferent to the meanness, wickedness, and aggressive tendencies of the slave power, that they are ready to give up everything to it? I only hear of *abolition* remonstrances. Yours in Faneuil Hall was of this kind—the same old names—and, though nothing could be more admirable than the speeches of Phillips and Parker, I must still ask, is it really the case that amongst those who are not Abolitionists, there is not enough Anti-Slavery spirit, enough common sense and true patriotism to spurn Webster for his disgusting truckling to the slave power? I observe all through the Anti-Slavery papers it is said that Webster has reckoned without his host, that Massachusetts, and others of the free States, are sound at heart, and that no such law as "Mason's" could be carried out, even if enacted. But yet, if this law be passed, it will indicate tremendous rottenness in northern politicians, and at least gross complicity in the northern people. It would seem to me that your glorious and godlike cause meets with little sympathy in the "land of the brave and the home of the free," amidst your "independent and high minded" people. I can't comprehend the idolatry with which your Constitution is regarded in spite of the meanness of its compromises, and its gross defiance of all noble, lofty, and honest principle. But, to be sure, there is nothing so wicked or so ridiculous that it may not be made an object of adoration, provided the lesson be instilled into the youthful mind early enough, and with sufficient perseverance. The Hindoos and Mohammedans are naturally as mentally acute as we are, yet, their faith, however revolting to us, is quite as sincere as our own. Protestants wonder at the subjection into which the human mind is drilled in Popish countries—but no tenet of Popery, Islamism or Brahminism, is half so monstrous as the fidelity of the American people, or a great portion of them, to their Constitution, based on a system of Slavery propagandism, such as the world had never before seen. Witnessing the triumphs of this system one is almost forced to fall back upon the notion of the ancient Manichæans, and to believe that the Evil, and not the Beneficent Principle, is predominant in the affairs of the children of men. Americans, if they be not Abolitionists when they come to this country, generally make vehement professions of their hostility to Slavery, whilst they evince the most unsophisticated dislike to such of their own countrymen as are really engaged in carrying out those professions. No stronger proof can be needed of the general American apathy to the monstrous and disgraceful wickedness and injustice of the slave system than the fact that such an infamous act as Mason's could be mentioned amongst them; or that their demigod—Daniel Webster—evidently thinks it something to his advantage to make such a speech as he has made in approval of it. Uncle Sam, like Hercules, has got a present of a poisoned shirt, but instead of tearing it off before it kills him, he seems, from the last advices, to be doing his best to get it made roomier and more complete Of the vast emigration now going on from this poor country to yours, ninety-nine of a hundred are of the poorer and most ignorant class, with plenty of religion (so called) but not much principle. You may be sure they will all be rank pro-slavery in a few short lessons. As the boys who have been most tyrannized over at school are sure when they grow up to be the cruellest bullies, so the Irish emigrants of the poorer sort are, I am told, generally the rankest negro-haters. I know that the flaming Irish patriots of 1848 hated the Abolitionists, and could not bear to have the Americans twitted with their inconsistency, lest it should abate the sympathy of the slaveholders and lessen their disposition to assist in freeing the oppressed Irish from the "tyranny of Queen Victoria." When Mason's bill passes, every true constitutional American will be bound to play the slave-hunter, and we shall have such of the followers of Fox and Penn as are also admirers of Clay and Webster, taking their part in the pursuit; not from any inherent love of the dirty work, but in pure loyalty, attachment, and fidelity to the glorious Union. Last year I had a short conversation with a New England Quaker, who was here at the time of the Friends' Yearly Meeting, on the subject of American Slavery, and the difficulties in the way of abolishing it. Being, like most of the American Friends, a staunch Whig, he was eloquent in praise of Clay. He appeared to think that if the great compromiser had his own way, there was nothing good or great which he might not effect for your country. Knowing that Clay is the owner of fifty slaves who are "fat and sleek," and felt something like Æneas when he witnessed the midnight vision,

Steteruntque comæ, vox hæsit in faucibus,

which, according to our poet and novelist, Gerald Griffin, was once thus elegantly rendered by an Irish poor scholar:

The voice stuck in my jaws,
And my hair stud upon an ind like the bristles of a pig.

So was I amazed when I heard a plain friend and a free American talk of the obdurate old slaveholder with such innocent unconsciousness of his lifelong villainy.

Our royal and aristocratic system causes much terror and reprobation in the United States; you wonder how we can breathe beneath such a weight of oppression. But it is my growing belief that unless brother Jonathan turns over a new leaf he will yet be worse off than ourselves with his idolized Constitution, which, as Cooke the actor said of Liverpool in the old slaveholding times, is "grouted and cemented with the blood of the unfortunate negro." If Mason's law be the legitimate offspring of the Christianity which Moses Stuart and Ralph Emerson teach, the less we have of it the better. The faults of our state of things are abundant, but amongst them we do not include [at least since the downfall of O'Connell's ascendancy] such idolatry of blind political guides, such bondage to party trammels, as prevail with you. Bigotted party spirit is greatly on the decline in England, and even with us. The Repeal association is a laughing stock; at the last meeting I heard of, the Rent announced was only twenty dollars; it has little hold on the people. The relics of the young Ireland party are fighting among themselves and abusing one another. They have been mercilessly ridiculed in England, but nothing could have so much power to nullify their influence and place them in a ridiculous position as their own mutual recriminations. The result of all this unveiling of our politicians is that people are less disposed to follow their lead, and more determined to think for themselves. They are less content to be known by party badges, and are much more likely to get what they want since they don't commit the sole management of their affairs to selfish leaders, who are often tempted to make use of their admiring followers to serve their own ends. The page of history does not present a more stupendous instance of this kind than the present position of America, with all her great (?) men selling their worshippers over to the slave-interest, and openly bartering their own honor and the interests of their country for the gewgaws of office. These are indeed "the times that try men's souls," and that shows too of what rotten stuff some of them are made. God grant you a safe deliverance!

Yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

MARRIAGES.

GILMAN—SILLIMAN.—In New Haven, Rev. E. W. Gilman, of Lockport, N. Y. to Miss Julia, youngest daughter of Professor Benjamin Silliman.

DEATHS.

PARKER.—At Boston, 9th inst., Miss Maria Parker, aged 61 years, daughter of the late Bishop Parker.

AUSTIN.—At Boston, 9th inst., Catharine, wife of Hon. James T. Austin

PARKMAN.—In Boston, of inflammation of the brain, Susan, daughter of John and Susan Sturgis Parkman, 10 years.

GREENE.—In Brookfield, Mass., June 4, Sarah Russel, daughter of William B. and Anna Shaw Greene, 2 years 3 months.

REYNOLDS.—In Springfield, May 8, Samuel Reynolds, Esq. President of the Chicopee Bank, 50 years.

MELCHER.—In Portsmouth, John Melcher, Esq. aged about 90 years. The oldest practical printer in New Hampshire, and probably in the United States.

CROZIER.—In Halifax, Vt., Mrs. Crozier, 107 years.

ESPY.—In Harrisburg, Pa

Poetry.

From the Christian Register.

[The following lines were composed by Miss TOWNSEND, of Philadelphia, after hearing Edgar Poe's "Raven" read. Her own situation of blindness, and entire helplessness, is most touchingly alluded to, and the contrast in the *spirit* of the two poems is very striking.]

THE DOVE.

'Twas midnight! solemn, dark and deep!
And vainly I had courted sleep,
When worn with pain, with anguish tossed,
Hope, faith and patience nearly lost,
I heard a sound, a gentle sound,
Breaking the solemn stillness round;
A gentle, soft and murmuring sound,
Making the stillness more profound.

I hushed my breath!—again it came!
My heart beat faster—still the same
Low gentle murmur met my ear,
Approaching nearer and more near;
A single sound, yet soft and clear,
And strangely fraught with memories dear.

A flood of clear and silver light
Then burst upon my raptured sight,
Filling my little chamber quite,
And in that light a bird was seen;
Not "grim and black with stately mien,"
But purely white and beautiful,
With look so mild and dutiful;
A lovely bird with plumage white,
In that calm, still and clear moonlight.

Floating a moment round my head
It rested opposite my bed,
Beside a picture lovelier
Than heathen God, and holier;
Two beauteous babes, whose sinless eyes,
Bespeak them both in Paradise,
Whese loving, soft and gentle eyes,
Tell where the land of beauty lies.

There sat the radiant, white-winged bird—
I listened, but no sound I heard—
And then I spoke, "Sweet bird," I said,
"From what far country has thou fled?
Whence com'st thou—and why cam'st thou here,
Can'st thou bring aught my soul to cheer?
Hast thou strange news?—speak gentle dove!"
And the bird answered—"God is love."

"They tell me so," I faintly said,
"But joy has flown, and hope is dead,
And I am sick, and sad, and weary,
And life is long, and dark, and dreary—
Think not thy words my spirit move?"
Still the bird answered—"God is love."

"Some dearly loved are far away,
And some, who fondly near me stay,
Are sick, and sad, and suffering,
While I am weak and murmuring.
Each for the other grieves, and tries
To stay the tears that fill his eyes—
Why comes not comfort from above?"
Firmly, but mournfully, the dove
Distinctly answered—"God is love."

I started up—"The world" I said,
"Though beautiful it once was made,
Is full of crime and misery now:
Want sits on many a haggard brow:
The warrior wields the bloody sword,
Slaves tremble at the tyrant's word—
Vice honored—virtue scorned—we see,
Why are these ills allowed to be?"
He raised his head, that soft-eyed dove,
As though my boldness he'd reprove,
Then bowed and answered—"God is love."

"Forgive," I said, in accents mild,
"I would I were again a child.
I've wandered from the heavenly track,
And it is late to journey back,
My wings are clipped, I cannot soar,
I strive to mount, but o'er and o'er
My feeble wings I raise in vain—
I flutter, sink and fall again!"
In low, but earnest tones, the dove
Still softly murmured—"God is love."

Thou mov'st me strangely, wondrous bird!
My soul is strongly, deeply stirred—
My heart grows lighter—may I still
My mission upon earth fulfil,
Proving my love to God sincere,
By doing *all* my duty here?
Shall past omissions be forgiven,
And shall the weary rest in heaven?"
He spread his wings, that radiant dove,
And cheerly answered—"God is love."

"Thanks, heavenly messenger," I cried,
"Remain that picture still beside:
Surrounded by the light of truth,
Companion meet for sinless youth;
Thou blessed type of Love and Peace,
My Hope and Faith thou'lt still increase—
Be ever near me, gentle dove,
I know, I feel that "God is live!'"

Miscellany.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

ABOUT two years ago, (says the *Boston Christian Register*,) an appropriation of twenty-five hundred dollars annually for three years was made by our State legislature for the purpose of teaching ten idiotic children. This was regarded merely as an experiment to ascertain what can be accomplished for this unfortunate class. The experiment has now been tried one year, and we have before us Dr. Howe's very interesting and encouraging report on the subject. Idiots almost of the lowest order can be taught and their condition materially improved. The report has many valuable suggestions. We give a few extracts as indications of what may be accomplished. The State has been particularly fortunate in the choice of Mr. Richards as a teacher.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR IDIOTS?

Dr. Howe says: It will, doubtless, be one of the indirect benefits of a school for idiots, that it will spread greater knowledge upon the subject of idiocy in the community, and thus will save many children, who really have mental capacity, from being condemned as incapable of improvement. It will probably do even more than this, for there is no doubt that children of feeble intellect are sometimes made worse, perhaps rendered imbecile, by unwise and harsh treatment. It sometimes happens, that the child of an irritable parent cannot, or does not, readily understand and obey a command, upon which the parent becomes vexed, and scolds; and, thinking the child's dulness to be wilful obstinacy, he becomes excited and angry, and beats it, in some cases very severely. These outbreaks of the parent, if very frequent, do not leave time for the child to recover his natural tone of mind; his habitual state becomes that of fear; and not having cunning enough to find refuge in deceit, he submits in despair, to a course of treatment, which, little by little, breaks down his spirit, completely cows him, and makes him a simpleton, or worse. The parent, perhaps, does not suspect, all this while, that he is, himself, cruelly wrong; he does not think at all about it; but vents his anger upon the child, as often as its stupidity, which he calls obstinacy, is manifested.

A case which illustrates the effect of this kind of treatment may be mentioned here, though a little out of place. My attention being called, a short time ago, to a boy said to be idiotic and unmanageable, I went to his fathers house to see him. It was a dilapidated and dirty room, dimly lighted, and intensely heated by a cooking-stove. There were several children, all of them dirty, but all decently clad, except one, a boy of thirteen, who was literally covered with rags. On opening the door, this boy ran skulking away, and hid himself behind the cooking-stove. He soon peered out, with a look of great terror, as if in fear for his life, or a severe whipping. By degrees, and with great care, I got near him, though he trembled greatly, and would, occasionally, dart away from one corner of the room to another. When not running, he moved about with the stealthy tread of a cat, putting down his foot as carefully as if treading on ice, which he feared would break under him, and keeping his eyes fixed upon me. After long attempts to quiet him, and assure him, he was induced to take from my hand an apple, which he ran away with, and began to devour most voraciously. It was very unusual for him to show even so much confidence in a stranger. He commonly ran from any one who came in; and, if approached, he would scream aloud, and be convulsed with terror. It was considered remarkable, that he, at last, very timidly gave me the tip of his finger to shake hands at my departure. The following description of him is by a very intelligent and humane gentleman, who first drew my attention to him:—

DR. S. G. HOWE:

DEAR SIR.—My attention was directed to this boy, in the first place, by his father, being the occupant of one of our tenements. When I approached him, he stealthily moved away, as if he had been doing something wrong; I followed him to ascertain what, when his speed increased so much, as still more to excite my curiosity; he ran into the house, and got under the bed; on my approaching him, his agony of fear appeared so intense, that to give him relief, I went away. I then learnt from his father that he was an *innocent*, as he was called,—or idiotic. Since then, I have, many times, endeavored to approach him, and coax him; but never with success. His fear of me was so great, that I gave him up. I have, however, frequently observed him; he would mingle with his playmates, but not partake of their plays. He appeared to be dull, and with an idiotic expression; but, under the influence of fear, might be violent, and, perhaps dangerous. It was his entirely dependent condition, and melancholy appearance, that excited my interest to solicit for him the benefit of the charity of the State, and the humanity of yourself,

I remain, very respectfully, yours,
SAM'L DOWNER, JR.

This boy was quite unmanageable, by any means within reach of his father, or friends. They knew no way to make him obey but that of force and blows. He was formerly a tolerably bright boy, but he had been in this sad condition for years, and was rapidly growing worse. He seemed to live in continual terror, and seldom spoke a word. The first time that I heard him utter a word, was one day, when his father took hold of him, to make him obey some command, upon which, with his knees fairly knocking, and his body trembling all over, he screamed convulsively—'will-good boy'—'will-good boy!' This was enough to show, that whatever might have been the first cause of his strange condition, the daily treatment he was receiving, was gradually crushing his feeble intellect, and would tend to drive him into hopeless idiocy, or insanity. And yet, his father was a sober, well-meaning man, and not a cruel parent. He simply did not know how to govern his own feelings and to *train* those of his unfortunate child. The boy was therefore taken into our school at once. He has been there but a few weeks, and the change in him is already most remarkable. He is still a little shy, but he has lost all appearance of terror; he not only comes readily when called, but often goes up to those belonging to the house, and puts his arms affectionately about them, and returns their caresses. He takes his place in the class, and strives to imitate all the motions of the scholars, and obey the signs of the teacher. He can select the letters of the alphabet, and understands a few words. He is obedient and docile, and tries hard to learn with the others. He is affectionate, and much gratified by any mark of praise or approval. He begins to talk and is rapidly improving in every respect.

The following letter, from Mr. Downer, will show how much, if the opinion of that gentleman, he has improved, under the treatment he has received, in his new home. The improvement is mainly attributable to the spirit of gentleness, which pervades the household. This has quieted all his terrors and soothed his spirit so that he is able to give attention to the judicious instruction with Mr. Richards imparts to him.

BOSTON, February 14, 1850.

DR. S. G. HOWE:

DEAR SIR—I availed myself, to-day, of your invitation, to visit the Institution for the benefit of the Feeble-minded, that I might have an opportunity of witnessing the improvement, (if any) of the boy, Michael Mah, who has been enjoying its privileges: but I hardly know how to comply with your request, to communicate how his present appearance struck me, as compared to that which he exhibited, before being placed there. When I remember his former wild and almost frantic demeanor, when approached by any one, and the apparent impossibility of communicating with him, and now see him standing in his class, playing with his fellows, and willingly and familiarly approaching me, examining what I gave him; and when I see him, already, selecting articles, named by his teacher, and even correctly pronouncing some words printed on cards,—improvement does not convey the idea presented to my mind; —it is creation: it is making him anew.

I also noticed an entire change in his manner of moving his hands, and whole body. In truth, as he stood in his class, it was with difficulty I recognized him, so changed was his appearance. I was struck, particularly, by the fresh and healthy appearance of his skin and complexion, which, formerly, was pale and haggard.

If, sir, he is a fair sample of what training, and education can do for idiots, I can only say, God speed you in your endeavors to build up such an institution: it has but to be known, to be appreciated, and to have the views of its founders carried into successful operation.

I remain, very truly yours,
SAM'L DOWNER, JR.

ANOTHER ENCOURAGING CASE.

Sylvanus Walker, aged six years; height, or rather length, for he had never learned to stand upright, was three feet four inches; weight, thirty-one pounds; depth of chest, six inches and three-quarters; breadth of chest, seven and one-half inches.

His temperament is lymphatic-nervous; skin, fair; hair, dark; eyes, dark brown. Dimensions of cranium, from ear to ear, over the top of skull, 10,44 inches; from root of nose to occipital spine, 10.13 inches.

The cause of his idiocy, according to his mother's account, was mismanagement. Soon after his birth, a neighbor, who was kindly acting as nurse and assistant, took the poor babe close to a hot stove, and began to rub its head with *strong rum*, warming his head by the stove, in order to make it soak in the rum the better, and rubbing with her hand, diligently, for a long time, until a whole tea-cup full had been used. Of course, a considerable portion must have been absorbed, and the effect upon the nervous system very powerful. The babe slept profoundly, and could not be aroused until the third day!

When brought to our school his senses were very inactive and dull: his eyes were languid in their expression,—almost vacant indeed, and very slow in their motions; his hearing was apparently more active than his sight, for, while he rarely noticed visible objects, he showed some liveliness and interest in musical sounds. Touch, or rather tactile sensibility, was almost wanting in his hands, and other parts of the body.

He had no power of locomotion, whatever; he could not stand upon his feet, nor sit up alone in a chair, nor even creep on his hands and knees. He lay quietly upon the floor, or wherever they placed him, by the hour together, or even all day long; and made no other movement than, once in a while, to raise his head upon his hand, with his elbow resting on the floor. In this posture, he sometimes played with any bright thing that came within the reach of his other hand. This was the extent of his amusement. He had no other occupation, save that of eating, or rather drinking, for he *could not chew* solid food, and was nourished mainly upon milk, of which he consumed large quantities; his mother said, sometimes nearly a gallon a day. He had not learned to feed himself at all. He had no more sense of decency, when brought to us, than an infant.

In respect to intellect, he was an idiot. He could not speak a dozen words, and not even those distinctly. He had no knowledge, no desires, no affections.

At an age when other boys were at school, or at their sports, this poor little fellow lay motionless upon the floor, or bed, or wherever they placed him, without amusement, and without occupation; and so he would probably have lain during all the years of his youth. He would not have learned to creep, or to talk, had he lived to the age of manhood, for his limbs were powerless, and his parents did not know how to strengthen them, or how to teach him language.

The change and improvement caused in this boy's condition, by one year's training, has been most gratifying. He has been bathed daily in cold water; his limbs have been rubbed; he has been dragged about in the open air, in a little waggon, by the other boys; his muscles have been exercised; he has been made to grasp with his hands, and gradually to raise himself up by them. He was held up, and made to bear a little of his weight upon his lower limbs,—then a little more, until, at last, to his great delight, he was able to go about alone, by holding on the wall, or to one's finger, even to go up stairs, by clinging to the balusters. He can go around a large table, by merely resting one hand on the edge of it. The like improvement has taken place in his habits: he is observant of decency; he calls when he wants any assistance; he can sit at the table, and chew his food, and even feed himself pretty well.

His cheeks begin to glow with color: his eye is much brighter; he gives attention to what is passing around him; and his whole countenance is more expressive of thought. His improvement in language is equally great; he has learned many words, and can construct many simple sentences. His affections begin to be developed, and he manifests his attachment to persons by unmistakable signs. During an absence of several weeks, he did not forget his teacher, and used to show to his mother, that he wanted to see Mr. Richards. Such is the effect of a year's training; and it is but the beginning, for this boy will doubtless go on improving, and advancing more rapidly for every step heretofore gained. He was put down on the list as an idiot of the lowest kind, for he was quite in an idiotic condition, nor was there any means of knowing his latent capacities; it will not be surprising, however, if he should be raised, not only to the highest grade of idiots, or simpletons, but even lifted quite above that class. His case may prove to be one of those mentioned under the head of Classification, which are neglected, because, by mistake, they are included in a class, generally deemed beyond the reach of the teacher's art.

A WALK IN A WORK-HOUSE.

A few Sundays ago, I formed one of the congregation assembled in the chapel of a large metropolitan Workhouse. With the exception of the clergymen and clerk, and a very few officials, there were none but paupers present. The children sat in the galleries; the women in the body of the chapel, and in one of the side aisles; the men in the remaining aisle. The service was decorously performed, though the sermon might have been much better adapted to the comprehension and to the circumstances of the hearers. The usual supplications were offered, with more than the usual significancy in such a place, for the fatherless children and widows, for all sick persons and young children, for all that were desolate and oppressed, for the comforting and helping of the weak-hearted, for the raising-up of them that had fallen; for all that were in danger, necessity, and tribulation. The prayers of the congregation were desired "for several persons in the various wards, dangerously ill;" and others who were recovering returned their thanks to Heaven.

Among this congregation, were some evil-looking young women, and beetle-browed young men; but not many—perhaps that kind of characters kept away. Generally, the faces (those of the children excepted) were depressed and subdued, and wanted color. Aged people were there, in every variety. Mumbling, blear eyed, spectacled, stupid, deaf, lame; vacantly winking in the gleams of sun that now and then crept in through the open doors from the paved yard: shading their listening ears, or blinking eyes, with their withered hands; poring over their books, leering at nothing, going to sleep, crouching and drooping in corners. There were weird old women, all skeleton within, all bonnet and cloak without, continually wiping their eyes with dirty dusters of pocket-handkerchiefs; and there were ugly old crones, both male and female, with a ghastly kind of contentment upon them which was not at all comforting to see. Upon the whole, it was the dragon, Pauperism, in a very weak and impotent condition; toothless, fangless, drawing his breath heavily enough, and hardly worth chaining up.

When the service was over, I walked with the the humane and conscientious gentleman whose duty it was to take that walk, that Sunday morning, through the little world of poverty enclosed within the work-house walls. It was inhabited by a population of some fifteen hundred or two thousand paupers, ranging from the infant newly born or not yet come into the pauper world, to the old man dying on his bed.

In a room opening from a squalid yard, where a number of listless women were lounging to and fro, trying to get warm in the ineffectual sunshine of the tardy May morning—in the "Itch Ward," not to compromise the truth—a woman such as HOGARTH has often drawn, was hurriedly getting on her gown, before a dusty fire. She was the nurse, or wards-woman, of that insalubrious department—herself a pauper—flabby, raw-boned, untidy—unpromising and coarse of aspect as need be. But, on being spoken to about the patients whom she had in charge, she turned round, with her shabby gown half on, half off, and fell a crying with all her might. Not for show, not querulously, not in any mawkish sentiment, but in the deep grief and affliction of her heart: turning away her dishevelled head, sobbing most bitterly, wringing her hands, and letting fall abundance of great tears, that choked her utterance. What was the matter with the nurse of the itch-ward? Oh, "the dropped child" was dead! Oh the child that was found in the street, and she had brought up ever since, had died an hour ago, and see where the little creature lay, beneath this cloth! The dear, the pretty dear!

The dropped child seemed too small and poor a thing for Death to be in earnest with, but Death had taken it: and already its diminutive form was neatly washed, composed, and stretched as if in sleep upon a box. I thought I heard a voice from Heaven saying, It shall be well for thee. O nurse of the itch-ward, when some less gentle pauper does those offices to thy cold form, that such as the dropped child are the angels who behold my Father's face!

In another room, were several ugly old women crouching, witch-like, round a hearth, and chatter ing and nodding, after the manner of the monkies. "All well here?" And enough to eat?" A general chattering and chuckling; at last an answer from a volunteer. "Oh yes gentleman! Bless you gentleman! Lord bless the parish of St. So-and-So! It feed the hungry, sir, and give drink to the thusty, and it warm them which is cold, so it do, and good luck o the parish of St. So-and So, and thankee gentleman!" Elsewhere, a party of pauper nurses were at dinner. "How do *you* get on?" "Oh pretty well sir! We works hard, and we lives hard—like the sodgers!"

In another room, a kind of purgatory or place of transition, six or eight noisy madwomen were gathered together under the superintendence of one sane attendant.

Among them was a girl of two or three and twenty, very prettily dressed, of most respectable appearance and good manners, who had been brought in from the house where she had lived as domestic servant (having, I suppose, no friends), on account of being subject to epileptic fits, and requiring to be removed under the influence of a very bad one. She was by no means of the same stuff, or the same breeding, or the same experience, or in the same state of mind, as those by whom she was surrounded; and she pathetically complained that the daily association and the nightly noise made her worse, and was driving her mad—which was perfectly evident.—The case was noted for enquiry and redress, but she said she had already been there for some weeks.

If this girl had stolen her mistress's watch, I do not hesitate to say she would, in all probability, have been infinitely better off. Bearing in mind, in the present brief description of this walk, not only the facts already stated in this Journal, in reference to the Model Prison at Pentonville, but the general treatment of convicted prisoners under the associated silent system too, it must be once more distinctly set before the reader, that we have come to this absurd, this dangerous, this monstrous pass, that the dishonest felon is, in respect of cleanliness, order, diet, and accomodation, better provided for, and taken care of, than the honest pauper.

And this conveys no special imputation on the workhouse of the parish of St. So and-So, where, on the contrary, I saw many things to commend.—It was very agreeable recollecting that most infamous and atrocious enormity committed at Tooting, an enormity which, a hundred years hence, will still be vividly remembered in the bye-ways of English life, and which has done more to engender a gloomy discontent and suspicion among many thousands of the people than all the Chartist leaders could have done in all their lives—to find the pauper children in this workhouse looking robust and apparently the objects of very great care. In the Infant School—a large, light, airy room at the top of the building—the little creatures, being at dinner, and eating their potatoes heartly, were not cowed by the presence of strange visitors, but stretched out their small hands to be shaken, with a very pleasant confidence. And it was comfortable to see two mangey pauper rocking-horses rampant in a corner. In the girls' school, where the dinner was also in progress, everything bore a cheerful and healthy aspect. The meal was over, in the boys' school, by the time of our arrival there. And the room was not quite re-arranged; but the boys were roaming unrestrained about a large and airy yard, as any other schoolboys might have done. Some of them had been drawing large ships upon the schoolroom wall; and if they had a mast with shrouds and stay set up for practice (as they have in the Middlesex House of Correction), it would be so much the better. At present, if a boy should feel a strong impulse upon him to learn the art of going aloft, he could only gratify it, I presume, as the men and woman paupers gratify their aspirations after better board and lodging, by smashing as many workhouse windows as possible, and being promoted to prison.

In one place, the Newgate of the Workhouse, a company of boys and youths were locked up in a yard alone: their day room being a kind of kennel where the casual poor used formerly to be littered down at night. Divers of them had been there some long time. "Are they never going away?" was the natural enquiry. "Most of them are crippled, in some form or other," said the Wardsman, "and not fit for anything." They slunk about, like dispirited wolves or hyænas; and made a pounce at their food when it was served out, much as those animals do. The big-headed idiot shuffling his feet along the pavement, in the sunlight outside, was a more agreable object every way.

Groves of babies in arms; groves of mothers and other sick women in bed; groves of lunatics; jungles of men in stone-paved down-stairs day-rooms, waiting for their dinners; longer groves of old people, in upstairs Infirmary wards, wearing out life, God knows how—this was the scenery through which the walk lay, for two hours. In some of these latter chambers, there were pictures stuck against the wall, and a neat display of crockery and pewter on a kind of sideboard; now and then it was a treat to see a plant or two; in almost every ward, there was a cat.

In all of these Long Walks of aged and infirm, some old people were bed-ridden, and had been for a long time; some were sitting on their beds half-naked; some dying in their beds; some out of bed, and sitting at a table near the fire. A sullen or lethargic indifference to what was asked, a blunted sensibility to everything but warmth and food, a moody absence of complaint as being of no use, a dogged silence and resentful desire to be left alone again, I thought were generally apparent. On our walking into the midst of one of these dreary perspectives of old men, nearly the following little dialogue took place, the nurse not being immediately at hand.

"All well here?"

No answer. An old man in a Scotch cap sitting among others on a form at the table, eating out of a tin porringer, pushes back his cap a little to look at us, claps it down on his forehead again with the palm of his hand, and goes on eating.

"All well here?" (repeated.)

No answer. Another old man sitting on his bed, paralytically peeling a boiled potato, lifts his head, and stares.

"Enough to eat?"

No answer. Another old man, in bed, turns himself and coughs.

How are *you* to-day?" To the last old man.

That old man says nothing; but another old man, a tall old man of a very good address, speaking with perfect correctness, comes forward from somewhere, and volunteers an answer. The reply almost always proceeds from a volunteer, and not from the person looked at or spoken to.

"We are very old, Sir," in a mild, distinct voice.

"We can't expect to be well, most of us."

"Are you comfortable?"

"I have no complaint to make, Sir." With a half shake of his head, a half shrug of his shoulders, and a kind of apologetic smile.

"Enough to eat?"

"Why, Sir. I have but a poor appetite," with the same air as betore; "and yet I get through my allowance very easily."

"But," showing a porringer with a Sunday dinner in it; "here is a portion of mutton, and three potatoes. You can't starve on that?"

"Oh dear no, Sir," with the same apologetic air. "Not starve."

"What do you want?"

"We have very little bread, Sir. It's an exceedingly small quantity of bread."

The nurse, who is now rubbing her hands at the questioner's elbow, interferes with, "It ain't much raly, Sir. You see they've only six ounces a day, and when they've took their breakfast, there *can* only be a little left for night, Sir."

Another old man, hitherto invisible, rises out of his bedclothes, as out of a grave, and looks on.

"You have tea at night?" The questioner is still addressing the well spoken old man.

"Yes, Sir, we have tea at night."

"And you save what bread you can from the morning, to eat with it?"

"Yes, Sir—if we can save any."

"And you want more to eat with it?"

"Yes, sir." With a very anxious face.

The questioner, in the kindness of his heart, appears a little discomposed, and changes the subject.

"What has become of the old man who used to lie in that bed in the corner?"

The nurse don't remember what old man is referred to. There has been such a many old men. The well-spoken old man is doubtful. The spectral old man who has come to life in bed, says, "Billy Stevens." Another old man who has previously had his head in the fire-place, pipes out,

"Charley Walters."

Something like a feeble interest is awakened. I suppose Charley Walters had conversation in him.

"He's dead!" says the piping old man.

Another old man, with one eye screwed up, hastily displaces the piping old man, and says:

"Yes! Charley Walters died in that bed, and—and—"

"Billy Stevens," persists the spectral old man.

"No, no! and Johnny Rogers died in that bed, and—and—they'r both on 'em dead—and Sam'l Bowyer;" this seems very extraordinary to him; "he went out!"

With this he subsides, and all the old men (having had quite enough of it) subside, and the spectral old man goes into his grave again, and takes the shade of Billy Stevens with him.

As we turn to go out at the door, another previously invisible old man, a hoarse old man in a flannel gown, is standing there, as if he had just come up through the floor.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, could I take the liberty of saying a word?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"I am greatly better in my health, Sir; but what I want, to get me quite round," with his hand on his throat, "is a little fresh air, Sir. It has always done my complaint so much good, Sir. The regular leave for going out, comes round so seldom, that if the gentlemen, next Friday, would give me leave to go out walking, now and then—for only an hour or so, Sir!—"

Who could wonder, looking through those weary vistas of bed and infirmity, that it should do him good to meet with some other scenes, and assure himself that there was something else on earth? Who could help wondering why the old men lived on as they did; what grasp they had on life; what crumbs of interest or occupation they could pick up from its bare board; whether Charley Walters had ever described to them the days when he kept company with some old pauper woman in the bud, or Billy Stevens ever told them of the time when he was a dweller in the far-off foreign land called Home!

The morsel of burnt child, lying in another room, so patiently, in bed, wrapped in lint, and looking steadfastly at us with his bright quiet eyes when we spoke to him kindly, looked as if the knowledge of these things, and of all the tender things there are to think about, might have been in his mind—as if he thought, with us, that there was a fellow-feeling in the pauper nurses which appeared to make them more kind to their charges than the race of common nurses in the hospital—as if he mused upon the Future of some older children lying around him in the same place, and thought it best, perhaps, all things considered, that he should die—as if he knew, without fear, of those many coffins, made and unmade, piled up in the store below—and of his unknown friend, "the dropped child," calm upon the box-lid covered with a cloth. But there was something wistful and appealing, too, in his tiny face, as if, in the midst of all the hard necessities and incongruities he pondered on, he pleaded, in behalf of the helpless and the aged poor, for a little more liberty—and a little more bread.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY AND FOREIGN BLUSTER.

Discussed by the British Lion and the American Eagle.

AMERICAN EAGLE (meeting British Lion). Good mornin to you, old feller. You're a lookin spry.—And so you ort. You feel proud of yourself, don't you? Oh in course you do. The thought that we've bin a behaven brave, and noble, and ginnerus is a pleasant one to chaw upon, ain't it? Oh! you're a magnanimous beast, 'you are, and have just bin showin yourself such—that's a fact. There's none of the cur in your natur, is there? Oh, no! Not the least mixtur in you of the coward and the bully——

British Lion: What the deuce do you mean?

American Eagle: Oh! you've bin actin a fine part toward Greece, han't you?—going to war amost with that air great and powerful nation, for little more but to recover a debt for that sorter British subject, sorter Portuguese, kinder Jew Don Pacifico.

British Lion: Come, none of your chaffing. The honor of England demands that the smallest wrong offered by whomsoever, to the humblest of her Majesty's subjects, shall be redressed.

American Eagle: Now, you cantin, braggin, ontruthful old loafer, have you got the face to tell me that air? When I know, and you know, and know that I know, that let the worst injuries be done to any on 'em, by them as you think you can't afford to quarrel with, and you'll pocket the affront like dollars, and eat humble pie as fast as buffalo-hump.

British Lion: You are speaking in joke, of course but really I cannot allow you to continue to use this language. It won't do.

American Eagle: I in joke? I never was more serious at a camp-meeting, I tell you. You can't allow me to talk so! I should like to know how you are to hinder me, you blusterin old quadruped.—Won't do? it will do, every word on it, and I'll prove it, and make you swaller it, in spite of your teeth, as easy as I'd give my old mare a hoss-ball.

British Lion: Well, well—I shan't let you put me in a passion.

American Eagle: No, I expect you won't; or if you do, you'll shut up your feelins in your own buzzum tight. You'll tie the valve down, you will, and keep your steam in, and I hope it won't bust, you. And now, as all your Queen's subjects is to have their part took agin the world how about that air nigger of yourn, as was hauld out of one of your merchant ships only because he was a nigger, and for no other reason on airth, by our free and independent citizens, and locked up in the common goal whilst the vessel stopped in port, accordin to law in such case made and provided, at Charleston, South Carolina, U. S.?

British Lion: Diplomatic negotiations are now in contemplation, with a view to remove an anomaly which, I trust, will not continue to exist much longer in the relations between Great Britain and the American republic.

American Eagle. And if your diplomatic negotiations fail, you'll send Admiral Parker and a fleet to blockade New York, won't you? You'll seize all the craft you can catch off Long Island, till such time as we larn to respect the persons of your blessed niggers. But wouldn't you have done all this long afore if New York had been Athens, and Pacifico the nigger imprisoned at Charleston? Oh, you are an awful lion to the weak, you are; but there ain't a lamb milder to them that is likely to show you the smallest fight!—*Punch.*

HOW TO MAKE HOME UNHEALTHY.

By Harriet Martineau.

FILLING THE GRAVE.

M. Botuigny has published an account of some experiments which go to prove that we may dip our fingers into liquid metal with impunity. Professor Plucker, of Bonn, has amply confirmed Boutigny's results, and in his report hints a conclusion that henceforth "certain minor operations in surgery may be performed with least pain by placing the foot in a bath of red hot iron." Would you not like to see Professor Plucker, with his trowsers duly tucked up, washing his feet in a pailful of this very soothing fluid? And would it not be a fit martyrdom for sanitary doctors, if we could compel them also to sacrifice their legs in a cause, kin to their own, of theory and innovation? As Alderman Lawrence shrewdly remarked last week, from his place in the Guildhall, the sanitary reform cry is "got up." That is the reason why, in his case, it does not go down. He, for his own part, did not disapprove the flavor of a church yard, and appeared to see no reason why it should be cheated of its due. The sanitary partizans, he said, were paid for making certain statements. It would be well if we could cut off their supply of half-pence, and so silence them. Liwang, an ancient Emperor of China, fearing insurrection, forbade all conversation, even whispering, in his dominions. It would be well for us if Liwang lived now as our Secretary for the Home Department. There is too much talking—is there not, Mr. Carlyle? We want Liwang among us. However, as matters stand, it is bad enough for the sanitary reformers. They are beneath the contempt even of an ass. They are despised by Alderman Lawrence.*

Let us uphold our city grave-yards; on that point we have already spoken out. Let us not cheat them of their pasturage: if any man fall sick, when, so to speak, his grave is dug, let us not lift him out of it by misdirected care. That topic now engages our attention.

There is a report among the hear-say stories of Herodotus, touching some tribe of Scythians, that when one of them gets out of health, or passes forty years of age, his friends proceed to slaughter him, lest he become diseased, tough, or unfit for table. Those people took their ancestors into their stomachs, we take ours into our lungs—and herein we adopt the better plan, because it is the more unwholesome. We are content, also, now and then, to let our friends grow old, although we may repress the tendency to age as much as possible. We do not absolutely kill our neighbors when they sicken; yet by judicious nursing we may frequently keep down a too great buoyancy of health, and check recovery. How to produce this last effect I will now tell you. Gentle mourners, do not chide me as irreverent—

"Auch ich war in Arkadion geboren"—

bear with me, then, and let me give my hints concerning regritudinary sick-room discipline.

Of the professional nurse I will say nothing. You, of course, have put down Mrs. Gamp's address.

A sick-room should, in the first place, be made dark. Light, I have said before, is, in most cases, curative. It is a direct swindling of the doctor when we allow blinds to be pulled up, and so admit into the patient's room medicine for which nobody (except the tax-gatherer) is paid.

A sick-room should, in the next place, be made sad, obtrusively sad. A smile upon the landing must become a sigh when it has passed the patient's door. Our hope is to depress, to dispirit invalids. Cheerful words and gentle laughter, more especially where there is admitted sunshine also, are a moral food much too nutritious for the sick.

The sick-room, in its furniture as well, must have an ominous appearance. The drawers or a table should be decked with physic bottles. Some have a way of thrusting all the medicines into a cupboard, out of sight, leaving a glass of gaily-colored flowers for the wearied eyes to rest upon: this has arisen obviously from a sanitary crotchet, and is on no account to be adopted.

Then we must have the sick-room to be hot, and keep it close. A scentless air, at summer temperature, sanitary people want; a hot, close atmosphere is better suited to our view. Slops and all messes are to be left standing in the room—only put out of

* The honest and uncompromising spirit in which these papers oppose the sanitary movement has led some people to imagine that there is satire meant in them. The best way to answer this suspicion is to print here so much as we can find space for of the speech of Alderman Lawrence, as reported in the 'Times' last Saturday. It will be seen that the tone of his eloquence, and that of ours, differ but little; and that the present writer resembles the learned Alderman (who has succeeded, however, on a far larger scale) in his attempt *miscere stultitiam consiliis brevem*. The noble city lord remarked: "The fact was, that the sanitary schemes were got up; talk was made about cholera, and people became alarmed. Now, it was said that burial grounds were highly injurious to health, and a great cry had been raised against them. He did not know such to be the fact that they were injurious to health. There were many persons who lived by raising up bugbears of this description in the present day, and those persons were always raising up some new crotchet or another." After giving his view of the new interments bill, he asked "Was it likely that the public would put up with the idea even of thus having the remains of their friends carried about the country? Was it likely that the Government would be permitted thus to spread perhaps pestilence and fever?" There! If you want satire, could you have a finer touch than that last sentence? There is a bone to pick, and marrow in it too.

sight—and cleared away occasionally; they are not to be removed at once. The chamber, also, is to be made tidy once a day, and once a week well cleaned; it is not to be kept in order by incessant care, by hourly tidiness, permitting no dirt to collect.

There is an absurd sanitary dictum which I will but name. It is, that a patient ought to have, if possible, two beds, one for the day, and one for night use; or else two sets of sheets, that, each set being used one day and aired the next, the bed may be kept fresh and wholesome. Suppose our friend were to catch cold in consequence of all this freshness!

No, we do better to avoid fresh air, nor should we vex our patient with much washing. We will not learn to feed the sick, but send their food away when they are unable to understand our clumsiness.

Yet, while we follow our own humor in this code of chamber practice, we will pay tithes of mint and cummin to men of science. We will ask Monsieur Purgon how many grains of salt go to an egg; and if our patient require twelve turns up and down the room, we will inquire, with Argan, whether they are to be measured by its length or breadth.

When we have added to our course some doses of religious horror, we shall have done as much as conscience can demand of us toward filling the grave.

I may append here the remark, that if ever we do resolve to eat our ancestors, there is the plan of a distinguished horticulturist apt for our purpose. Mr. Loudon, I believe it was, who proposed, some years ago, the conversion of the dead into rotation crops—that our grandfathers and grandmothers should be converted into corn and mangel-wurtzel. His suggestion was to combine burial with farming operations. A field was to be, during forty years, a place of interment; then the field adjacent was to be taken for that purpose; and so on with others in rotation. A due time having been allowed for the manure in each field to rot, the dead were to be worked up and gradually disinterred in the form of wheat, or carrots, or potatoes.

Nothing appears odd to which we are accustomed. We look abroad and wonder, but we look at home and are content. The Esquimaux believe that men dying in windy weather are unfortunate, because their souls, as they escape, risk being blown away. Some Negroes do not bury in the rainy season, for they believe that then the gods, being all busy up above, cannot attend to any ceremonies. Dr. Hooker writes home from the Himalaya mountains, that about Lake Yaron, the Lamas' bodies are exposed, and kites are summoned to devour them by the sound of gong and of a trumpet made out of a human thigh bone. Such notions from abroad arrest our notice, but we see nothing when we look at home. We might see how we fill our sick-rooms with a fatal gloom, and keep our dead five or six days within our houses, to bury them side by side and one over another, thousands together, in the middle of our cities. However, when we do succeed in getting at a view of our own life *ab extra*, it is a pleasant thing to find that sanitary heresies, at any rate, have not struck deep root in the British soil. In an old Book of Emblem there is a picture of Cupid whipping a tortoise, to the motto that Love hates Delay. If lovers of reform in sanitary matters hate delay, it is a pity; for our good old tortoise has a famous shell, and is not stimulated easily.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——A GREAT LIE.—"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."

——WE read in a Belgian paper that M. Thiers, after seventeen years' marriage, is about to become a father, and that he and his lady are about to visit Italy, for the purpose of having the child baptised by his Holiness.

——A FRENCH fugitive, in a miserable state of poverty, passed through Hanau on the 9th. He was one of the prisoners taken by the Russians in the campaign of 1812, and was sent to Siberia, where he has lived ever since, following sable-hunting as an occupation; his name is Joseph Bourgeois.

——"TRESOR," in *Notes and Queries*, writes, "Among the Jews at Gibraltar, at which place I have for many years been a resident, there is also a strange custom when a death occurs in a house; and this consists in pouring away all the water contained in any vessel, the superstition being that the angel of death may have washed his sword therein."

——NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.—Germany has produced clocks, ghost stories, and printing. France, cooks, capons, and compliments. Russia, mad emperors and hemp. Africa, ivory and ebony—blacks England, roast-beef, pudding, and beer, as well as mighty statesmen and scholars, seamen and soldiers, and the blessings of conquest, taxation, and good advice—*London Weekly Times.*

——THE Paris correspondent of the *London Atlas* states that, "Madame Mazzini, the wife of the Italian triumvir, has obtained a *succes de salon*, unrivalled since the days of Madame Sabatier. The interest inspired by her desolate position may have much to do with this success; but her voice, a powerful contralto, has in itself sufficient claims to admi